







The Morning Star Book
Said to be the last
Edition revised.

A COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS:

PUBLISHED
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A COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

PART THE FIRST.

PSALM I. 6 lines 8s.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, and none but he,
Who walks not with ungodly men,
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,
Nor sits the innocent to' arraign ;
The persecutor's guilt to share,
Oppressive in the scorner's chair.
- 2 Obedience is his pure delight,
To do the pleasure of his Lord :
His exercise by day and night
To search his soul-converting word ;
The law of liberty to prove,
The perfect law of life and love.
- 3 Fast by the streams of paradise
He, as a pleasant plant, shall grow ;
The tree of righteousness shall rise,
And all his blooming honours show ;
Spread out his boughs, and flourish fair,
And fruit unto perfection bear.
- 4 His verdant leaf shall never fade,
His works of faith shall never cease ;
His happy toil shall all succeed,
Whom God himself delights to bless :
But no success the' ungodly find,
Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.
- 5 No portion and no place have they
With those whom God vouchsafes to' approve ;

Cast in the dreadful judgment-day,
 Who trample on their Saviour's love ;
 Who here their bleeding Lord deny,
 Shall perish, and for ever die.

PSALM II. L. M.

- 1 **W**HY do the Jews and Gentiles join,
 To execute a vain design ;
 Idly their utmost powers engage,
 And storm with unavailing rage ?
- 2 Earth's haughty kings their Lord oppose,
 The rulers list themselves his foes,
 To fight against their God agree,
 And slay the' incarnate Deity.
- 3 As sworn their Maker to dethrone,
 And Jesus, his anointed Son ;
 To rise from all subjection freed,
 And reign Almighty in his stead.
- 4 The Lord, that calmly sits above,
 Enthron'd in everlasting love,
 Shall all their feeble steps deride,
 And laugh to scorn their furious pride.
- 5 Then shall he in his wrath address,
 And vex his baffled enemies ;
 " Yet I have glorified my Son,
 " And plac'd him on his Father's throne :
- 6 " Wherefore to him, ye kings, submit,
 " Be wise to fall, and kiss his feet :
 " With awful joy revere his sway,
 " Ye rulers of the earth, obey.
- 7 " Worship the co-eternal Son,
 " Lest you in anger he disown,
 " His light with-hold, his grace deny,
 " And leave you in your sins to die.
- 8 " Thrice happy all who trust in Him,
 " All good, Almighty to redeem !
 " They only shall his mercy prove,
 " Lov'd with an everlasting love."

A HYMN.

6 lines 8s.

1 **A** NOTHER day preserv'd by grace,
We end it with our Saviour's praise,
Symphonious to the choirs above,
And triumph in his guardian love ;
Ye angels, with your wings outspread,
Come, take your stand around our bed.

2 We soon shall wake with you to sing,
In presence of our heavenly King ;
With you unutterably blest,
Shall always praise and never rest ;
But smooth as the melodious lay,
Shall endless ages roll away.

3 O that the joyful day were come,
Which calls our happy spirits home ;
O could we join our friends in light,
And reach our Father's house to-night :
And sweetly close our willing eyes,
To open them in paradise.

PSALM III.

6 lines 7s.

1 **S**EE, O Lord, my foes increase,
Mark the troublers of my peace,
Fiercely 'gainst my soul they rise,
"Heaven," they say, "its help denies,
"Help he seeks from God in vain,
"God hath given him up to man."

2 But thou art a shield for me,
Succour, still, I find in thee ;
Now thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in thine aid ;
Confident in thy defence,
Strong in thine Omnipotence.

3 To the Lord I cried ; the cry
Brought my Helper from the sky ;
By my kind Protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept,
Slept within his arms, and rose ;
Bless'd him for the calm repose.

4 Kept by him, I cannot fear
 Sin, the world, or Satan near ;
 All their hosts my soul defies :
 Lord, in my behalf arise,
 Save me, for in faith I call,
 Save me, O my God, from all.

5 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
 Thou hast quell'd the adverse power,
 Pluck'd me from the jaws of death,
 Broke the roaring lion's teeth :
 Still from all my foes defend,
 Save me, save me to the end.

Thine it is, O Lord, to save,
 Strength in Thee thy people have ;
 Safe from sin, in Thee they rest,
 With the Gospel-blessing blest ;
 Wait to see the perfect grace,
 Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

PSALM IV. PART I.

S. M. D.

1 **G**OD of my righteousness,
 Thy humble suppliant hear,
 Thou hast reliev'd me in distress,
 And thou art always near :
 Again thy mercy show,
 The peaceful answer send,
 Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,
 And all my troubles end.

2 How long, ye sons of men,
 Will ye blaspheme aloud,
 My honour wrong,—my glory stain,—
 And vilify my God ?
 How long will ye delight
 In vanity and vice,
 Madly against the righteous fight,
 And follow after lies ?

3 Know, for himself, the Lord
 Hath surely set apart
 The man that trembles at his word,
 The man of upright heart :

And when to him I pray,
 He promises to hear,
 And help me in my evil day,
 And answer all my prayer.

4 Ye sinners, stand in awe,
 And from your sins depart,
 Out of the evil world withdraw,
 And commune with your heart :
 In thinking of his love
 Be day and night employ'd ;
 Be still ; nor in his presence move,
 But wait upon your God.

5 Offer your prayer and praise,
 Which he will not despise,
 Through Jesus Christ your righteousness,
 Accepted sacrifice :
 Offer your heart's desires ;
 But trust in him alone,
 Who gives whatever he requires,
 And freely saves his own.

PART II.

S. M. D.

6 THE world, with fruitless pain,
 Seek happiness below ;
 What man, they ask, (but all in vain,)
 The long-sought good will show ?
 The brightness of thy face
 Give us, O Lord, to see ;
 Glory on earth begun in grace,
 And happiness in thee.

7 Thou hast on me bestow'd,
 All-gracious as thou art,
 The taste divine, the sovereign good,
 And fix'd it in my heart :
 Above all earthly bliss,
 The sense of sin forgiven,
 The hidden joy, the mystic peace,
 The antepast of heaven.

8 Of Gospel-peace possest,
 Secure in thy defence,
 Now, Lord, within thine arms I rest,
 And who shall pluck me hence ?

Nor sin, nor death, nor hell,
 Shall evermore remove,
 When all renew'd in thee I dwell,
 And perfected in love.

PSALM V. PART I.

C. M. D.

1 **O** LORD, incline thy gracious ear,
 My plaintive sorrows weigh ;
 To thee for succour I draw near,
 To thee I humbly pray !
 Still will I call with lifted eyes,
 Come, O my God, and King,
 Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
 And full deliverance bring.

2 On thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace ;
 None, without holiness, shall see
 The glories of thy face :
 In souls unholly and unclean,
 Thou never canst delight ;
 Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,
 Appear before thy sight.

3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
 Or speak iniquity ;
 The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
 Are both abhor'd by thee ;
 The greatest and minutest fault
 Shall find its fearful doom ;
 Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,
 Thou surely shalt consume.

4 But as for me, with humble fear
 I will approach thy gate,
 Though most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy courts to wait :
 I trust in thy unbounded grace
 To all so freely given,
 And worship toward thy holy place,
 And lift my soul to heaven.

PART II.

S. M. D.

5 LEAD me in all thy righteous ways,
 Nor suffer me to slide :
 Point out the path before my face ;
 My God, be thou my guide !
 The cruel power, the guileful art,
 Of all my foes suppress,
 Whose throat an open grave, whose heart
 Is desp'rate wickedness.

6 Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from thy face,
 And finally consume ;
 Thy wrath on the rebellious race
 Shall to the utmost come.
 But all who put their trust in thee
 Thy mercy shall proclaim,
 And sing with cheerful melody,
 Their great Redeemer's name.

7 Protected by thy guardian grace,
 They shall extol thy power ;
 Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
 And triumph evermore :
 They never shall to evil yield,
 Defended from above,
 And kept and cover'd with the shield
 Of thine Almighty Love.

PSALM VI. 8s & 6s. Gaulter.

1 L ORD, in thy wrath no more chastise,
 Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
 Against a child of man :
 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
 And heal my soul, diseas'd and sick,
 And full of sin and pain.

2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,
 Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still,
 O when shall it be o'er !
 Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,
 And, for thy mercy's sake, make whole,
 And bid me sin no more.

3 Here, only here, thy love must save,
 I cannot thank thee in the grave ;
 Or tell thy pard'ning grace :

Who dies unpurg'd, for ever dies ;
 The sinner as he falls, he lies,
 Shut up in his own place.

4 Weary of my unanswer'd groans,
 Yet still with never-ceasing moans
 I languish for relief :
 With tears I wash my couch and bed,
 My strength is spent, my beauty's fled,
 My life's worn out with grief.

5 But shall I to my foes give place ?
 Or, in the name of Jesus, chase
 My troubles all away ?
 In Jesu's name, I say, Depart,
 Devils and sins ; nor vex my heart,
 For God hath heard me pray.

6 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
 The Lord shall still accept my prayers,
 And all my foes o'erthrew :
 Shall conquer and destroy them too,
 And make even me a creature new,
 A spotless saint below.

PSALM XIII. PART I. L. M.

1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
 Wilt thou for ever hide thy face ?
 Leave me unchang'd and unrestor'd,
 An alien from the life of grace !

2 How long shall I inquire within,
 And seek thee in my heart in vain ?
 Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
 Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain !

3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail ?
 (I ask thee with a falt'ring tongue,) See at thy feet my spirit fail,
 And hear me feebly groan, How long !

4 Hear me, O Lord my God, and weigh
 My sorrows in the scale of love ;
 Lighten mine eyes, restore the day,
 The darkness from my soul remove.

5 Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
 O snatch me from the gulf beneath,
 Save, or my gasping spirit dies,
 Dies with an everlasting death.

PART II. L. M.

6 LORD, suffer not my foe to boast
 His victory o'er a child of thine ;
 Nor let the proud Philistine's host,
 In Satan's hellish triumph join.

7 Will they not charge my fall on thee ?
 Will they not dare my God to blame ?
 My God, forbid the blasphemy ;
 Be jealous for thy glorious name.

8 Thou wilt, thou wilt ! my hope returns ;
 A sudden spirit of faith I feel ;
 My heart in fervent wishes burns,
 And God shall there for ever dwell.

9 My trust is in thy gracious power,
 I glory in salvation near ;
 Rejoice in hope of that glad hour,
 When perfect love shall cast out fear.

10 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 The goodness I experience now ;
 And still I hang upon thy word,
 My Saviour to the utmost thou.

11 Thy love I ever shall proclaim,
 A mon'ment of thy mercy I ;
 And praise the mighty Jesu's name,
 Jesus the Lord, the Lord most high !

PSALM XXXVIII. C. M.

1 **A** MIDST thy wrath, remember love,
 Restore thy servant, Lord !
 Nor let a Father's chastening prove
 Like an avenger's sword.

2 My sins a heavy burden are,
 And o'er my head are gone :
 Too heavy they for me to bear,
 Too great for me to' atone.

3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
 My head still bending down :
 And I go mourning all the day,
 Father, beneath thy frown.

4 All my desire to thee is known,
 Thine eyes count every tear :
 And every sigh, and every groan,
 Is notic'd in thine ear.

5 Thou art my God, my only hope,
 O hearken to my cry ;
 O bear my fainting spirit up,
 When Satan bids me die.

6 Lord, I confess my guilt to thee,
 I grieve for all my sin ;
 My helpless impotence I see,
 And beg support divine.

7 O God, forgive my follies past,
 Be thou for ever nigh :
 O Lord of my salvation, haste,
 And save me, or I die.

PSALM LI.

L. M.

1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie ;
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse from sin,
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
 Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford ;
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

THE SAME. PART I. 8s & 6s.

1 **G**OD of unfathomable love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
T'wards Adam's helpless race ;
See, at thy feet, a sinner see,
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.

2 O let thy love to me o'erflow ;
Thy multitude of mercies show,
Abundantly forgive !
Remove the unsufferable load,
Blot out my sins with sacred blood,
And bid the sinner live.

3 Take all the power of sin away,
Nor let in me its being stay,
Mine inmost soul convert :
Wash me from all my filth of sin,
Come, Lord, and make me throughly clean,
Create me pure in heart.

4 For, all my sins I now confess,
Bewail my desp'rate wickedness,
And sue to be forgiven ;
I have abus'd thy patient grace,
I have provok'd thee to thy face,
And dar'd the wrath of Heaven.

5 Thee, only thee, have I defied :
Though all thy wrath on me abide,
And my damnation seal ;

Though into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
And clear my God in hell.

PART II. 8s & 6s. *Timperley's Farewell.*

6 **CAST** in the mould of sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,
 My essence all unclean :
My total fall from God I mourn ;
In sin I was coneiv'd and born ;
 Whate'er I am is sin.

7 But thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
 Unspotted purity :
And, by thy grace, I humbly trust,
To learn the wisdom of the just,
 In secret taught by thee.

8 Surely thou wilt the grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart,
 Which did for sinners flow :
The blood that purges every sin,
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
 And make me white as snow.

9 Thou wilt the mournful spirit cheer,
And grant me once again to hear
 Thy sweet forgiving voice ;
That all my bones, and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole,
 May in thy strength rejoice.

10 From my misdeeds avert thy face,
The strength of sin, by pard'ning grace,
 Of all my sin remove :
Forgive, O Lord, but change me too,
But perfectly my soul renew
 By sanctifying love.

11 My wretchedness to thee convert,
Give me an humble, contrite heart,
 My fallen soul restore :
Let me the life divine attain,
The image of my God regain,
 And never lose it more.

PART III.

12 HAVE patience till by thee renew'd
 I live the sinless life of GOD ;
 Here let thy Spirit stay :
 Though I have griev'd the gentle Dove,
 Ah ! do not quite withdraw thy love,
 Or take thy grace away.

13 The comfort of thy help restore,
 Assist me now as heretofore,
 O lift thou up my head :
 The Spirit of thy power impart,
 'Stablish, and keep my faithful heart,
 And make me free indeed.

14 Then shall I teach the world thy ways,
 Thy mercy mild, thy pard'ning grace
 For every sinner free ;
 Till sinners to thy grace submit,
 And fall at their Redeemer's feet,
 And weep, and love like me.

15 O might I weep, and love thee now,
 God of my health, my Saviour thou,
 Thou only canst release
 My soul from all iniquity ;
 O speak the word, and set me free,
 And bid me go in peace.

16 So shall I sing the Saviour's name,
 The gift of righteousness proclaim,
 Thine all-redeeming grace :
 Open my lips, almighty Lord,
 That I thy mercy may record,
 And glory in thy praise.

PART IV. 8s & 6s.

17 NO creature-good dost thou desire,
 No costly sacrifice require ;
 Thy pleasure is to give :
 Thou only seekest me, not mine,
 Thou would'st that I should take of thine,
 Should all thy grace receive.

18 A wounded spirit, by sin distrest,
 A broken heart that pants for rest,
 This is the sacrifice

Though into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
And clear my God in hell.

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 No costly sacrifice require ;
 Thy pleasure is to give :
 Thou only seekest me, not mine,
 Thou would'st that I should take of thine,
 Should all thy grace receive.

18 A wounded spirit, by sin distrest,
 A broken heart that pants for rest,
 This is the sacrifice

Well-pleasing in the sight of God ;
 A sinner crush'd beneath his load,
 Thou never wilt despise.

19 Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,
 And every ruin'd soul repair ;
 Remember Sion's woe ;
 Show forth thy sanctifying grace,
 And for thyself vouchsafe to raise
 A glorious church below.

20 When thou hast seal'd thy people's peace,
 Their sacrifice of righteousness,
 Their gifts thou wilt approve ;
 Their every thought, and word, and deed,
 That from a living faith proceed,
 And all are wrought in love.

21 Laid on the altar of thy Son,
 Pleasing to thee through Christ alone,
 The dear peculiar race
 Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,
 And hymn their Father and their King
 In endless songs of praise.

PSALM LXIII.

L. M.

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim !
 Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest !
 The glories that compose thy name,
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God !
 And I am thine, by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look,
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even life itself, without thy love,
 No lasting pleasure can afford ;
 Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from thee, Lord !

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXXX.

L. M.

ADAPTED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,
 Who leadest Israel like a sheep ;
 Present to guard, and give them food,
 And kindly in thy bosom keep :

2 To us our nursing fathers raise,
 Thy grace be on the great bestow'd ;
 And let the King show forth thy praise,
 And rise to build the house of God.

3 Thou hast ordain'd the powers that be,
 Strengthen thy delegate below ;
 He bears the rule deriv'd from thee,
 O let him all thine image show.

4 Support him with thy guardian hand,
 Thy royal grace be seen in him ;
 King of a re-converted land,
 In goodness as in power supreme.

5 So will we not from thee go back,
 If thou our ruin'd church restore ;
 No, never more will we forsake,
 No, never will we grieve thee more.

6 Revive, O God of power, revive
 Thy work in our degen'rate days ;
 O let us by thy mercy live,
 And all our lives shall speak thy praise.

7 Turn us again, O Lord, and show
 The brightness of thy lovely face ;
 So shall we all be saints below,
 And sav'd and perfected in grace.

A HYMN.

C. M.

1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise,

Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around ;
But, O, how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for him that died,
To save my wretched soul !
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee ;
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
And on my Saviour's breast.

A HYMN. 7s.

- 1 **C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle's won ;
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, O Grave !

5 Soar we now, where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Praise to thee by both be given ;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the Resurrection thou.

7 King of glory, soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this ;
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

A HYMN. 6-8s, *double.*

HIS mercies in Jesus renew'd,
Each morning I wake to adore,
A fountain of infinite good,
A sea without bottom or shore :
My Lord inexpressibly kind,
O when shall I thank him above,
To Jesus eternally join'd,
Absorb'd in the depth of his love.

A HYMN. C. M.

1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given,
 While the long cloud of witnesses,
 Show the same path to heaven.

A HYMN. C. M.

1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they're form'd within;
 And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And, like a bulwark, prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

PSALM XC. C. M.

1 **O** GOD ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home :

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 Still may we dwell secure ;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

7 O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

PSALM XCI. 6 lines 8s.

1 **H**E that hath God his guardian made,
 Shall under the Almighty's shade
 Secure and undisturb'd abide :
 Thus to my soul, of him, I'll say,
 He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God, in whom I will confide.

2 Thy tender love and watchful care
 Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence :
 Thou over me thy wings shalt spread,
 And cover my unguarded head ;
 Thy truth shall be my strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night,
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright ;
 Nor deadly shafts that fly by day :
 Nor plague of unknown rise that kills
 In darkness, nor infectious ills
 That in the hottest seasons slay.

4 A thousand at thy side shall die,
 At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
 While thy firm health untouch'd remains :

Thou only shalt look on and see
 The wicked's dismal tragedy,
 And count the sinner's mournful gains.

5 Because with well-plac'd confidence
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
 And on the Highest dost rely ;
 Therefore, no ills shall thee befall,
 Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
 Any infectious plague draw nigh.

6 For he, throughout thy happy days,
 To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
 Shall give his angels strict commands ;
 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
 With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
 Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns ;
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see ;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art King from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high :
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure :
 And they, that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM CXXI. C. M.

1 **T**HO Heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid :
 The Lord, that built the earth and skies,
 Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,
 Whom thou vouchsaf'st to keep ;
 Thy ear attends the softest call,
 Thy eyes can never sleep.

3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble powers
 With thy almighty arm ;
 Thou watchest our unguarded hours,
 Against invading harm.

4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have thy leave to smite ;
 Thou shield'st our heads from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

5 He guards our souls, he keeps our breath,
 Where thickest dangers come :
 Go, and return secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXX.

C. M.

1 OUT of the depth of self-despair
 To thee, O Lord, I cry ;
 My misery mark, attend my prayer,
 And bring salvation nigh.

2 Death's sentence in myself I feel,
 Beneath thy wrath I faint :
 O let thine ear consider well,
 The voice of my complaint.

3 If thou art rigorously severe,
 Who may the test abide ?
 Where shall the man of sin appear,
 Or how be justified ?

4 But, O, forgiveness is with thee,
 That sinners may adore ;
 With filial fear, thy goodness see,
 And never grieve thee more.

5 I look to see his lovely face,
 I wait to meet my Lord ;
 My longing soul expects his grace,
 And rests upon his word.

6 My soul, while still to him it flies,
 Prevents the morning ray ;
 O that his mercy's beams would rise,
 And bring the Gospel-day !

7 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
 Mercy with him remains ;
 Plenteous redemption through his blood,
 To wash out all your stains.

8 His Israel himself shall clear ;
 From all their sins redeem ;
 The Lord our righteousness is near,
 And we are just in him.

PSALM CXXXVII. 6 lines 8s.

1 **F**AST by the Babylonish tide,
 The tide our sorrows made o'erflow,
 We dropp'd our weary limbs, and cried,
 In deep distress at Sion's woe ;
 Her we bewail'd in speechless groans,
 In bondage with her captive sons.

2 Our harps, no longer vocal now,
 We cast aside, untun'd, unstrung,
 Forgot them pendent on the bough ;
 Let meaner sorrows find a tongue ;
 Silent we sat, and scorn'd relief,
 In all the majesty of grief.

3 In vain our haughty lords requir'd
 A song of Sion's sacred strain ;
 " Sing us a song your God inspir'd : " —
 How shall our souls exult in pain ?
 How shall the mournful exile sing,
 While bond-slaves to a foreign king ?

4 Jerusalem, dear hallow'd name,
 If Thee I ever less desire ;
 If less distress'd for thee I am ; —
 Let my right hand forget its lyre ;
 All its harmonious strains forego,
 When heedless of a mother's woe.

A HYMN. 8s & 6s.

1 **M**Y God and Lord, thy counsel show,
 What would'st thou have thy servant do,
 Before I hence depart ?
 How shall I serve thy Church, and where ?
 The thing, the time, the means declare,
 And teach my list'ning heart.

2 Free for whate'er thy love ordains,
 I offer up my life's remains,
 To be for thee employ'd ;
 My little strength can little do,
 Yet would I, in thy service true,
 Devote it all to God.

3 Master, be thou my might, my mouth,
 And send me forth to North or South,
 To farthest East or West ;
 Be thou my guide to lands unknown,
 Rest to my flesh I covet none,
 But give my spirit rest.

4 My rest on earth to toil for thee,
 My whole delight and business be
 To minister thy word ;
 For thee immortal souls to win,
 And make the wretched slaves of sin,
 The freemen of my Lord.

5 Witness and messenger of peace,
 I only languish to decrease,
 In sounding forth thy Name ;
 I only live to preach thy death,
 And publish with my latest breath,
 The glories of the Lamb.

THE INFINITE. c. m.

1 **S**OME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
 Or harp of golden string,
 That I may raise a lofty song
 To our Eternal King.

2 Thy names, how infinite they be !
 Great Everlasting One !
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfin'd thy throne.

3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound ;
 An ocean of infinities,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd !

4 The mysteries of creation lie
 Beneath enlighten'd minds ;
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds.

5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole :
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.

6 In vain our haughty reason swells ;
 For nothing's found in Thee
 But boundless unconceivables,
 And vast eternity !

PSALM CXXXIX. C. M.

1 **L**ORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown ?
 In hell they meet thy vengeful ire,
 In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
 To' escape the wrath divine ;
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.

3 If wing'd with beams of morning light,
 I fly beyond the West ;
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw
 The curtains of the night ;
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
 Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee ;
 O may I ne'er provoke that power
 From which I cannot flee !

PART II. C. M.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
 And all my frame survey,
 Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand,
 That built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,
 Where unknown nature grew;
 Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
 And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with tender care survey'd
 The growth of every part;
 Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
 Was copied by thy art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
 Show me thy wondrous skill;
 But I review myself, and find
 Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise:
 Lord, to thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace!

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES. L. M.

1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,
 The' almighty Three, the' eternal One!
 Nature and grace with all their powers
 Confess the Infinite unknown.

2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,
 Bade the waves roar, and planets shine:
 But nothing like Thyself appears
 Through all these spacious works of thine!

3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
 From change to change the creatures run;
 Thy Being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are One.

4 A glance of thine runs through the globes,
 Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
 Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,
 Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
 To sing thy glory or thy grace?
 Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
 And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light;
 Who can approach consuming flame?
 None—but thy wisdom—knows thy might,
 None—but thy word—can speak thy name.

LIFE AND ETERNITY. c. m. *Old Windsor.*

1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name!
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase:
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things;
 The' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road :
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God !

COMPLAINING OF SPIRITUAL SLOTH. C. M.

1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing's half so dull !

2 Go to the ants ; for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive ;
 Yet we, who have a heaven to' obtain,
 How negligent we live !

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move ;
 We, for whose guards the angel-bands
 Come flying from above :

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labour'd for our good ;
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his Blood !

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts ?
 Come, Holy Dove, from the' heavenly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise :
 With hands of faith and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

JUDGMENT. C. M.

1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I view my Maker face to face,
 Oh ! how shall I appear !

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My soul with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought !

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In Majesty severe ;
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh ! how shall I appear !

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
 Timely my sins lament ;
 And early, with repentant tears,
 Eternal woe prevent !

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late ;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans
 To give those sorrows weight.

6 For, never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure ;
 Who knows thy only Son hath died
 To make that pardon sure.

ON THE CRUCIFIXION. C. M.

1 FROM whence these dire portents around,
 That earth and heaven amaze ?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
 Why hides the sun his rays ?

2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head,
 With sacred horror nod,
 Beneath the dark pavilion spread
 Of legislative God.

3 Thou earth, thy lowest centre shake,
 With Jesus sympathize !
 Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,
 'Tis thy Creator dies !

4 See, streaming from the' accursed tree,
 His all-atoning blood !
 Is this the Infinite ?—'tis He !
 My Saviour and my God !

5 For me these pangs his soul assail,
 For me the death is borne ;
 My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed every thorn.

6 Let sin no more my mind enslave !
 Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain :
 O save me whom thou cam'st to save
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain !

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE. C. M.

1 **T**HE Lord, how fearful is his name !
 How wide is his command !
 Nature, with all her moving frame,
 Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal Glory forms his throne,
 And Light his awful robe ;
 While with a smile, or with a frown,
 He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
 Can swell or sink the seas ;
 Build the vast empires of the earth,
 Or break them as he please.

4 Adoring angels round him fall,
 In all their shining forms ;
 His sov'reign eye looks through them all,
 And pities mortal worms.

5 His bowels to our worthless race
 In sweet compassion move ;
 He clothes his looks with smiling grace,
 And takes his title, Love.

6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
 And sway us as he will ;
 Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
 We are his children still.

7 No more shall peevish passions rise,
 Our tongues no more complain !
 'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
 And love resumes again.

FAITH IN CHRIST. C. M.

1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is,
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred Word :
 Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys the' Almighty's call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord !
 O help my unbelief !

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly :
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thy arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue ;
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With his infernal crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into thy arms I fall ;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my ALL.

INCONSTANCY. L. M.

1 **L**ORD Jesu, when, when shall it be,
 That I no more shall break with thee ?
 When will this war of passions cease,
 And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?

2 Here I repent, and sin again ;
 Now I revive, and now am slain ;
 Slain with the same unhappy dart,
 Which, Oh ! too often wounds my heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
 A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
 No more expos'd, no more undone ;
 But live and grow to Thee alone ;

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
 And draw me on with thy sweet force !
 Still make me walk, still make me tend,
 By Thee my Way, to Thee my End.

A THOUGHT IN AFFLICITION. c. m.

- 1 **W**ILST Thou, O Lord, regard my tears,
The fruit of guilt and fear?
Me, who thy Justice have provok'd,
Oh! will thy Mercy spare?
- 2 Yes; for the broken, contrite heart,
Saviour, thy sufferings plead:
O quench not then the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed!
- 3 Thy poor, unworthy servant view,
Resign'd to thy decree;
Ordain me, or to live, or die,
But live or die in Thee!
- 4 Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,
My humble soul is cast!
O bear me safe, through life, through death,
And raise me up at last!
- 5 Low as this mortal frame must lie,
This mortal frame shall sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave!
And where, O death, thy sting?"

THE CHRISTIAN RACE. c. m.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls!—away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint!
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power,
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road !

THE NEW CREATION. C. M.

- 1 **A** TTEND, while God's eternal Son
 Doth his own glories show :
 "Behold, I sit upon my throne,
 "Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are pass'd away,
 "And the old Adam dies ;
 "My hands a new foundation lay :
 "See a new world arise !"
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
 From my old state of sin ;
 O make my soul alive to thee,
 Create new powers within.
- 4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
 And mould my heart afresh ;
 Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
 And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,
 From sin, and earth, and hell ;
 In the new world thy grace hath made,
 May I for ever dwell !

CHRIST'S HUMILIATION AND EXALTATION. L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring,
 To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb ?
 Since all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to thy name.
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace, that groan'd and died ;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
 At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar !
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 Immortal honour must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessing for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain ;
Let angels sound his sacred Name,
And every creature say, Amen.

WAITING FOR THE SPIRIT OF ADOPTION. c. m.

1 **A** LL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise ;
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesu, to thee I flee :
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within :
And thy life-giving Word forbid
My new-born soul to sin !

5 Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comfort strong ;
Then shall I say, " My Father, God ! "
With an unwavering tongue.

HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST. 6 lines 8s.

1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, send down those beams,
Which gently flow in silent streams
From the eternal throne above :
Come, thou enricher of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
Fill us with faith, and hope, and love.

2 Come, Thou, our soul's delightful guest,
The weary pilgrim's sweetest rest,
The fainting sufferer's best relief :
Come, Thou, our passion's cool allay :
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,
And turns to peace and joy, all grief.

3 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heaven our barren clay,
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal :
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.

4 All glory to the sacred Three,
One everlasting Deity !
All love, and power, and might, and praise !
As at the first, ere time began,
May the same homage still be done,
When earth, and heaven itself, decays.

CHARITY. C. M.

1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In sweet obedience move :
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Yea, ere we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode ;
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

UNFRUITFULNESS. C. M.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain !
- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known ;
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne !
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hopes of joys above,
How few affections there !
- 5 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Show my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

SINCERE PRAISE. S. M. Corelli.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name !
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout Creation's frame !
- 2 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand ;
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song ;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
 To my Creator too ;
 Fain would my heart adore my King,
 And give him praises due.

5 But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform ;
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.

6 Thy glories I abate,
 Or praise thee with design ;
 Part of thy favours I forget,
 Or think the merit mine.

7 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain ;
 This wretched heart will ne'er prove true,
 Till it be form'd again.

8 Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me from above ;
 Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION FOR THE TEMPTED. c. m.

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears :
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power :
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

THE RESIGNATION. 6 lines 8s.

1 **L**ONG have I view'd, long have I thought,
 And, trembling, held this bitter draught,
 'Twas now just to my lips applied,
 Nature shrank in ; my courage died :
 But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,
 Since, Lord, 'tis mix'd and given by Thee.

2 I'll trust my great Physician's skill,
 What he prescribes can ne'er be ill :
 For each disease he knows what's fit,
 He's wise and good, and I submit ;
 No longer will I grieve or pine,
 Thy pleasure 'tis, it shall be mine.

3 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart ;
 Thou wound'st me in the tenderest part ;
 But 'tis with a design to cure ;
 I must, and will, thy touch endure :
 All that I priz'd below is gone ;
 Yet, Father, still thy will be done.

4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
 With what was nearest to my heart,
 I freely that and more resign ;
 Behold my heart itself is thine :
 My little all I give to Thee ;
 Thou hast bestow'd thy Son on me.

5 He left true bliss and joy above,
 Emptied himself of all but love :
 For me he freely did forsake
 More than from me he e'er can take ;
 A mortal life for a divine
 He took, and did ev'n that resign.

6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
 But still wish I had more to give :

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To my Creator too ;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

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 Nature shrank in ; my courage died :
 But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,
 Since, Lord, 'tis mix'd and given by Thee.

2 I'll trust my great Physician's skill,
 What he prescribes can ne'er be ill :
 For each disease he knows what's fit,
 He's wise and good, and I submit ;
 No longer will I grieve or pine,
 Thy pleasure 'tis, it shall be mine.

3 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart ;
 Thou wound'st me in the tenderest part ;
 But 'tis with a design to cure ;
 I must, and will, thy touch endure :
 All that I priz'd below is gone ;
 Yet, Father, still thy will be done.

4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
 With what was nearest to my heart,
 I freely that and more resign ;
 Behold my heart itself is thine :
 My little all I give to Thee ;
 Thou hast bestow'd thy Son on me.

5 He left true bliss and joy above,
 Emptied himself of all but love :
 For me he freely did forsake
 More than from me he e'er can take ;
 A mortal life for a divine
 He took, and did ev'n that resign.

6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
 But still wish I had more to give :

I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
 My paradise, and I submit ;
 I will not murmur at thy word,
 Nor beg thee to sheath up thy sword.

THE COMPASSION AND COMPLAINT.

C. M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
 How sov'reign is thy hand ;
 All nature rose to obey thy word,
 And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course the shining sun
 Keeps his appointed way ;
 And all the hours obedient run
 The circle of the day.
- 3 But, ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
 And wanders from her God !
 My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
 And treads the downward road.
- 4 The raging fire and stormy sea
 Perform thy awful will ;
 And every beast and every tree
 Thy great design fulfil.
- 5 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
 Pay all their dues to thee ?
 Creatures that never knew thy name,
 That ne'er were lov'd like me ?
- 6 Great God ! create my soul anew,
 Conform my heart to thine ;
 Melt down my will, and let it flow,
 And take the mould divine.
- 7 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,
 Here all my powers I bring ;
 Manage the wheels by thy command,
 And govern every spring.
- 8 Then shall my feet no more depart,
 Nor my affections rove ;
 Devotion shall be all my heart,
 And all my passions love.

A PRAYER FOR THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

C. M.

1 **O** SUN of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing !
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam ;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive ;
Saviour, thy purchase own :
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown !

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three !
On Thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to Thee !

A HYMN. 7s & 6s. *Kingswood.*

1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live ;
But happier still are they,
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away :
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh,
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die.

2 Yet, if so thy will ordain,
For our companion's good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load :
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our works have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy Throne.

3 To thy wise and gracious will,
 We quietly submit ;
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at thy feet :
 When thou wilt the blessing give,
 Call us up thy face to see :
 Only let thy servants live,
 And let us die to thee.

BREATHING AFTER THE HOLY SPIRIT.

c. m.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys ;
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 O Father, shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And thine to us so great !

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

THE WITNESSING SPIRIT.

c. m.

1 WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come :
 May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home.

VENI CREATOR. 6 lines 8s.

1 **C**REATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every waiting mind,
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated heat,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
 Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy seven-fold energy !
 Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
 Whose power does heaven and earth command,
 Refine and purge our earthly parts,
 And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new : our wills controul ;
 Subdue the rebel in our soul ;
 Chase from our minds the' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow :
 And, lest again we go astray,
 Protect and guide us in thy way.

5 Immortal honours, endless fame,
 Attend the' Almighty Father's name ;
 The Saviour-Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died :
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to Thee !

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We bless'd and pious grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the' Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

A HYMN FOR EASTER-DAY.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears
To set in blood no more !
Adore the Scatterer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore !
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes :
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise !
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod :
He died and suffer'd as a man :
He rises as a God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise
To him, who breaks theg ates of hell,
And opens paradise.

A PRAYER FOR FAITH.

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?

2 What did thy only Son endure
 Before I drew my breath !
 What pain, what labour to secure
 My soul from endless death !

3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power :
 Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes :
 O let me now receive that gift ;
 My soul, without it, dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die !
 O speak, and I shall live ;
 For here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
 Could they but see thy face !
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace.

A HYMN TO CHRIST. L. M. D.

1 MEEK, patient Lamb of God, to thee
 I fly, thy meekness give to me :
 I choose thee for my life, my crown ;
 I pant to have thee all my own :
 Thou seest my heart, thou know'st my love,
 From thee I never will remove ;
 No shame I fear, no pain, or loss,
 But gladly follow to the cross.

2 Make clean as wool my filthy heart ;
 Wash white as snow my every part ;
 Give me in stillness to sustain
 Whate'er thy wisdom shall ordain.
 Carve for thyself in me, and make
 My heart thy lamb-like image take :
 Yea, slay me, Lord, and offer me
 A pure burnt-sacrifice to thee.

3 Bind, Father, hand and foot thy son,
 Nor leave thy work till all be done ;

O never let me, Lord, go free,
 Till all my heart's resign'd to thee :
 Then quickly to the altar lead,
 And suffer me no more to plead ;
 No longer with the' old Adam bear,
 Lead on, dear Lord, consume him there.

“We love Him, because He first loved us.” L. M.

- 1 **O**F Him who did salvation bring,
 I could for ever think and sing :
 Arise, ye guilty ; he'll forgive :
 Arise, ye needy ; he'll relieve :
- 2 Ask but his grace, and, lo ! 'tis given ;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven ;
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 Eternal Lord, almighty King,
 All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring ;
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above ;
 Devils with force, and men with love.
- 4 Thy wounding spear pierces my heart :
 When thou art nail'd, I feel the smart ;
 Thy groans my echoing sighs display ;
 Thou bow'st thy head ; I faint away.
- 5 Ye hearts of stone, come melt to see,
 This he endur'd for you and me ;
 He suffer'd : all our guilt's forgiven ;
 And on his blood we swim to heaven.
- 6 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
 He clos'd his eyes to show us God :
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love could show.
- 7 'Tis thee I love ; for thee alone
 I shed my tears, and make my moan ;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 8 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry :
 Ah ! who against thy charms is proof !
 Ah ! who that loves can love enough !

A HYMN

FOR ONE CONVINCED OF UNBELIEF. C. M.

1 **A** ND have I measur'd half my days,
 And half my journey run ;
 Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
 Nor yet my work begun !

2 The morning of my life is past,
 The noon almost is o'er ;
 The night of death approaches fast,
 When I can work no more.

3 O what a length of wretched years
 Have I liv'd out in vain !
 How fruitless all my toils and tears !
 I am not born again.

4 Evil and sad my days have been,
 And all a painful void ;
 For still I am not sav'd from sin ;
 For still I know not God.

5 Darkness he makes his secret place,
 Thick clouds surround his throne :
 Nor can I yet behold his face,
 Or find the God Unknown.

6 A God that hides himself he is,
 Far off from mortal sight ;
 An inaccessible abyss
 Of uncreated Light.

7 Far off he is, yet always near,
 He fills both earth and heaven ;
 But doth not to my soul appear,
 My soul from Eden driven.

8 O'er earth a banish'd man I rove,
 But cannot feel him nigh ;
 Where is the pard'ning God of love,
 Who stoop'd for me to die ?

9 I sought him in the secret cell,
With unavailing care :
Long did I in the desert dwell,
Nor could I find him there.

10 Still every means in vain I try,
I seek him far and near ;
Where'er I come, constrain'd to cry,
My Saviour is not here.

A HYMN. 7s & 6s. *City-Road Chapel.*

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their Source.
Thus a soul new born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and ye know
Happy entrance will be given ;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

A HYMN. L. M.

1 **W**HOM is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due,
Waiting his fearful doom to feel,
And hanging o'er the mouth of hell !

2 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
 Thy Jesus cries, Be of good cheer,
 Only on Jesu's blood rely,
 He died, that thou might'st never die.

A HYMN. L. M.

1 **A** GUILTY soul, by sin opprest,
 Weary of wandering after rest,
 Wretched, and bare, and poor, and blind,
 I now my want of all things find.

2 All things I want, but one is nigh,
 My want of all things to supply ;
 Pardon, and peace, and liberty,
 Jesus, I all things have in thee.

A HYMN. 8 lines 8s. Sion.

1 **I**N trouble I seek thee, O God,
 Compell'd by the burthen I bear,
 Constrain'd by the stroke of thy rod,
 I pour out a penitent prayer :
 Ah ! do not abhor my sad moan,
 Extorted, alas ! by distress,
 But hear, and with pity look down,
 And send me an answer of peace.

2 What must a poor prodigal do
 Thy forfeited grace to regain ?
 My trouble I only can show,
 And tell thee my sorrow and pain :
 I only for mercy can cry,
 And groan with the sense of my load,
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
 I die in my sins and my blood.

3 I own, I have sinn'd in thy sight,
 Have sinn'd against knowledge and love,
 And done thy good Spirit despite ;
 Yet look on my Surety above !

His passion alone is my plea,
 His free inexhaustible grace :
 My Advocate answered for me,
 And Jesus hath died in my place.

O Father of mercies, restore,
 For Jesus's merits alone,
 And heal a backslider once more,
 And give me again to thy Son :
 If still thou art able to spare,
 If infinite mercy thou art,
 Reply to my penitent prayer,
 And whisper thy peace to my heart.

A HYMN. L. M.

- 1 **H**EAD of thy Church, whose Spirit fills,
 And flows through every faithful soul,
 Unites in mystic love, and seals
 Them one, and simplifies the whole ;
- 2 Less than the least of saints, I join
 My littleness of faith to theirs ;
 O King of all, thine ear incline,
 Accept our much-availing prayers.
- 3 Come, Lord, thy glorious Spirit cries,
 And souls beneath the altar groan ;
 Come, Lord, the bride on earth replies,
 And perfect all our souls in one.
- 4 Pour out the promis'd Gift on all,
 Answer the universal **COME**,
 The fulness of the Gentiles call,
 And take thine ancient people home.
- 5 To thee let all the nations flow,
 Let all obey the Gospel-word ;
 Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
 Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.
- 6 O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 The purchase of thy passion claim,
 Thine heritage the Gentiles take,
 And cause the world to know thy name.

7 Thee, Lord, let every tongue confess,
 Let every knee to Jesus bow :
 O ! all-redeeming Prince of Peace,
 We long to see thy kingdom now.

A HYMN. L. M.

1 **B**LESS'D be the Lord ! by earth and heaven,
 For ever bless'd be Israel's God !
 Himself he hath to sinners given,
 His Son he bath on all bestow'd.

2 God was in Christ, and dwelt with men,
 The Father sent his only Son,
 To bring us to his arms again,
 And make a sinful world his own.

3 He to himself hath reconcil'd
 The whole of Adam's rebel race ;
 The world by sin destroy'd, defil'd,
 May all be cleans'd, and sav'd by grace.

4 Jesus for us our God rais'd up,
 Jesus, almighty to redeem,
 The nations' Joy, Desire, and Hope,
 Who all may now be sav'd through him.

5 Salvation is in Jesu's name,
 The Lord of David, and his Son ;
 To save a world from heaven he came,
 To perfect all our souls in one.

6 The Father hath his word fulfill'd,
 The prophecies of ancient days ;
 Honour'd his messengers, and seal'd
 The records of his promis'd grace.

7 He by the holy men of old,
 His prophets since the world begun,
 The great salvation hath foretold,
 Salvation in his dying Son.

8 Salvation from our foes within,
 From death, and hell, and Satan's chains,
 Salvation from the power of sin,
 Salvation from its last remains.

A HYMN. 6 lines 2s.

1 **J**ESU, my good and faithful Lord,
To thee with confidence I fly :
I hang upon thy changeless word,
The Truth itself can never lie ;
I have the promises I claim,
Whate'er I ask in Jesu's name.

2 The word thy blessed lips hath past,
Ask, and ye shall the grace receive,
Seek, and be sure to find at last,
Knock, and I will admittance give ;
Ye shall, whate'er ye ask, obtain,
Ye cannot seek my face in vain.

3 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Thy love and faithfulness I plead,
Thine all-containing word embrace,
Thou know'st, alas, I all things need,
But only one I now implore ;
I ask, that I may sin no more.

THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

s. m.

1 **T**O seal the general doom,
Jesus shall bow the sky,
With all his holy angels come,
And Father's majesty.
All nations then shall meet,
Arraign'd before his bar,
Behold him on his glorious seat ;
And, oh ! shall I be there ?

2 The good and wicked seed
Here both together stay ;
But must ('tis God's high will decreed)
Be parted at that day :
As sheep and goats divide,
And leave a space between ;
Those gather'd to the Shepherd's side,
And these at distance seen :

3 The good reputed sheep,
Are plac'd at his right hand,
Who hear his faithful word, and keep
His every kind command :
To Christ who gladly give
Raiment, or food, or ease,
And in his substitutes relieve
Their Saviour in distress.

4 To them the King enthron'd
With sweetest smiles shall say,
" Come, who your Saviour God have own'd
" In life's afflictive day :
" For you of old prepar'd,
" The kingdom now receive,
" And ent'ring on your great reward,
" With me for ever live."

5 The goats the wicked are,
Who mercy did not show ;
Rejected Christ through want of care
For his poor saints below.
These shall with trembling heart,
Far on the left retire,
And hear the dreadful word, " Depart
" Into eternal fire."

6 Great Shepherd, guide me here,
And mark me with the sign ;
And when thou shalt as Judge appear,
Acknowledge me for thine.
Thou bidst me weary come
On earth to thee for rest ;
There with thy brethren take me home,
Pronounc'd for ever blest.

A HYMN. L. M.

1 **S**EE the white throne ! the Judge of all
Array'd in majesty and might !
With prostrate awe the nations fall,
Astonish'd at the solemn sight !

2 Myriads of ghastly mortals stand,
 Trembling before the bar severe :
 All refuge fails ; nor sea, nor land,
 Can screen them from destruction near.

3 The guilty crowds, with horror seiz'd,
 Forlorn of hope, in wild despair,
 Cry out, " Will not the Judge be pleas'd
 " To hear benign the suppliant prayer ? "

4 Ah, no ! inexorable now,
 Relentless justice must take place ;
 And every knee to Jesus bow
 Throughout creation's ample space.

5 Confusion covers every face,
 Trembles each heart the Judge to see ;
 The stoutest of the rebel race
 Would from his frown with transport flee.

6 But whither shall the guilty fly ?
 See worlds in dire confusion lost ;
 The glittering orbs that roll'd on high,
 Have all their brilliant glories lost.

7 While nature melts with fervent heat,
 And burning heavens blaze round his throne,
 Earth sinks, consum'd beneath his feet,
 And utters an expiring groan.

8 Legions of hov'ring angels wait
 The saints to convoy home prepar'd ;
 Who seated on bright thrones of state,
 Ardent expect the great reward.

9 To these the King with smiling brow ;
 " Come, ye bless'd children of my God,
 " Ye serv'd me in my saints below,
 " With joy possess your bright abode."

10 Stung with remorse and keenest smart,
 Their crimes the wicked rue too late ;
 To whom the Judge severe, " Depart,
 " Ye curs'd, and meet your wretched fate."

11 " Me in my members ye refus'd,
 " And spurn'd indignant all my claims :
 " Far from the blessings ye abus'd,
 " Go, dwell in everlasting flames."

12 'Tis done,—the solemn scene is chang'd,
 And distant worlds their parties take ;
 All are beneath their banners rang'd,
 For heaven, or for the burning lake.

A MORNING HYMN. S. M. D.

1 WE lift our hearts to Thee,
 O Day-Star from on high !
 The sun itself is but thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.
 O let thy orient beams
 The night of sin disperse ;
 The mists of error and of vice,
 Which shade the universe !

2 How beauteous Nature, now !
 How dark and sad before !
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.
 O may no gloomy crime
 Pollute the rising day ;
 Or Jesu's blood, like evening dew,
 Wash all the stains away.

3 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past ;
 And live this short revolving day,
 As if it were our last.
 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One and Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall for ever be.

AN EVENING HYMN. C. M.

1 ALL praise to Him who dwells in bliss,
 A Who made both day and night ;
 Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss
 Of uncreated light.

2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
 With strictest search survey :
 The deepest shades no more disguise,
 Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
 No evil shall molest :
 Under the shadow of thy wings
 Shall they securely rest.

4 Thy angels shall around their beds
 Their constant stations keep ;
 Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
 For thou dost never sleep.

5 May we, with calm and sweet repose,
 And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
 Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
 And bless the Ever-bless'd !

A HYMN. *6 lines 8s.*

1 **W**HO can forgive but God alone,
 The one great God of earth and heaven !
 And for the sake of Christ his Son
 He hath indeed their sins forgiven,
 Who have by faith his Son confess'd
 God over all for ever bless'd.

2 Equal to the Most High he lives,
 The same authority exerts,
 Who sin in his own right forgives,
 And sprinkles all his people's hearts,
 And numbers with the saints above
 The objects of his bleeding love.

3 Jesus, on me thy mercy show,
 That I thy Godhead may proclaim :
 Power to forgive thou hadst below ;
 And now as yesterday the same,
 Thou canst a guilty soul release,
 And save, and bid me go in peace.

4 Wherefore in me reveal the grace,
 Which present sure salvation brings ;
 So shall I with thy people praise
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
 The pard'ning God, the' almighty Son,
 Return'd to thine eternal throne.

A HYMN. 6 lines 8s.

1 **T**HOU shalt not tempt the Lord thy God :
The Lord thy God that Spirit is,
 Who hath on man his grace bestow'd ;
 Whose tender mercies never cease ;
 But still he doth with sinners stay,
 Though griev'd and tempted every day.

2 Transgressors of his righteous law
 By sin offend his glorious eyes ;
 By sin we urge him to withdraw,
 And force his ling'ring wrath to rise ;
 Till from his face he vows to' expel,
 And leave us to our choice in hell.

3 Yet spare us, O thou God supreme,
 Before we fill our measure up,
 Thy true Divinity blaspheme,
 And quench with thee our latest hope :
 Thy Godhead on the rebels prove,
 And conquer us at last by love.

4 Thy living law of love reveal,
 And write it in our inward parts,
 Thou God of love unsearchable,
 Set up thy kingdom in our hearts,
 Thy kingdom in our hearts maintain,
 And we shall never sin again.

A HYMN. 7s.

1 **W**HITHER shall a creature run ?
WFrom Jehovah's Spirit fly ?
 How Jehovah's presence shun,
 Screen'd from his all-seeing eye ?

Holy Ghost, before thy face,
 Where shall I myself conceal ?
 Thou art God in every place,
 God incomprehensible.

2 If to heaven I take my flight,
 With beatitude unknown,
 Filling all the realms of light,
 There thou sittest on thy throne !
 If to hell I could retire,
 Gloomy pit of endless pains ;
 There is the consuming fire,
 There almighty vengeance reigns.

3 If the morning's wings I gain,
 Fly to earth's remotest bound ;
 Could I hid from thee remain,
 In a world of waters drown'd ?
 Leaving lands and seas behind,
 Could I the Omniscient leave ?
 There thy quicker hand would find,
 There arrest thy fugitive.

4 Cover'd by the darkest shade,
 Should I hope to lurk unknown ;
 By a sudden light bewray'd,
 By an uncreated Sun ;
 Naked at the noon of night,
 Should I not to thee appear ?
 Forc'd to' acknowledge in thy sight
 God is light, and God is here !

A HYMN. 8 lines 8s. Sion.

1 **O** FATHER of mercies, attend,
 And suffer a wretch to complain ;
O Jesus, a sinner befriend,
 Oppress'd with the weight of my chain :
O pitiful Spirit of Love ;
 The God whom I fain would adore ;
 My burthen, appear, and remove,
 Thy favour and image restore.

2 Thou hear'st the unspeakable groan,
 Which heaves in a sorrowful heart ;
 Till Thou, whom I never have known,
 The blissful assurance impart ;
 The light of thy countenance show ;
 With heavenly evidence shine,
 And bid me in liberty go,
 In peace, and affiance divine.

3 Come then to thy creature, and tell
 The secret I cannot explore,
 Thy riches of mercy reveal,
 Thy love's inexhaustible store ;
 Three mystical Persons in One,
 The truth of thy Godhead attest,
 Jehovah, the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, abide in my breast.

4 While yet I am calling, appear
 The end of my trouble and pain :
 Assur'd of a Trinity here,
 I rise from my ruins again ;
 I know my Redeemer, who gives
 A sinner his glory to see ;
 And all the Divinity lives
 Eternally present in me.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds :

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings :
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too ;
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The great, the holy, and the high.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But, O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

PART THE SECOND.

PSALM VIII.

7s & 6s.

1 **S**OVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy Name !
Held in being by thy word,
Thee all thy works proclaim :
Through this earth thy glories shine,
Through those dazzling worlds above ;
All confess the Source divine,
The' Almighty God of Love !

2 Thou God of power and grace,
Whom highest heavens adore,
Callest babes to sing thy praise,
And manifest thy power :
Lo ! they in thy strength go on,
Lo ! on all thy foes they tread,
Cast the dire accuser down,
And bruise the serpent's head.

3 Yet when I survey the skies
And planets as they roll ;
Wonder dims my aching eyes,
And swallows up my soul.

Moon and stars so wide display,
 Chant their Maker's praise so loud ;
 Pour insufferable day,
 And draw me up to God !

PART II. *Kingswood.*

4 WHAT is man, that thou, O Lord,
 Hast such respect to him ;
 Comes from heaven the' incarnate Word,
 His creatures to redeem !
 Wherefore wouldest thou stoop so low ?
 Who the mystery shall explain ?
 God is flesh, and lives below,
 And dies for wretched man !

5 Jesus, his Redeemer, dies,
 The sinner to restore ;
 Falls that man again may rise,
 And stand as heretofore :
 Foremost of created things,
 Head of all thy works he stood,
 Nearest the great King of kings,
 And little less than God ! *

6 Him with glorious majesty
 Thy grace vouchsaf'd to crown ;
 Transcript of the One in Three,
 He in thine image shone :
 All thy works for him were made,
 All did to his sway submit ;
 Fishes, birds, and beasts obey'd,
 And bow'd beneath his feet.

7 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
 How excellent thy Name !
 Held in being by thy word,
 Thee all thy works proclaim :
 Through this earth thy glories shine,
 Through those dazzling worlds above,
 All confess the Source divine,
 The' Almighty God of Love !

* So it is in the Hebrew.

PSALM XVIII. 6 lines 8s.

1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my power :
 My rock and fortress is the Lord ;
 My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
 My horn and strength, my shield and sword :
 Secure I trust in his defence,
 I stand in his omnipotence.

2 Still will I invoke his name,
 And spend my life in prayer and praise ;
 His goodness own, his promise claim,
 And look for all his saving grace ;
 Till all his saving grace I see,
 From sin and hell for ever free.

3 He sav'd me in temptation's hour,
 Horribly caught, and compass'd round,
 Expos'd to Satan's raging power ;
 In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd ;
 Condemn'd the second death to feel,
 Arrested by the pangs of hell.

4 To God, my God, with plaintive cry
 I call'd in agony of fear ;
 My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,
 My groaning reach'd his gracious ear ;
 He heard me from his glorious throne,
 And sent the timely rescue down.

PSALM XXIII. 6 lines 8s.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care.
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors over-spread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray ;
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV.

L. M.

1 THE earth and all her fulness owns
 Jehovah for her sov'reign Lord !
 The countless myriads of her sons
 Rose into being at his Word.

2 His Word did out of nothing call
 The world, and founded all that is ;
 Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
 And fix'd it in the floating seas.

3 But who shall quit this low abode,
 Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
 And stand upon the mount of God,
 And see his Maker face to face ?

4 The man, whose hands and heart are clean,
 That blessed portion shall receive ;
 Whoe'er by grace is sav'd from sin,
 Hereafter shall in glory live.

5 He shall obtain the starry crown ;
 And number'd with the saints above,
 The God of his salvation own,
 The God of his salvation love.

6 This is the chosen royal race,
 That seek their Saviour God to see ;
 To see in holiness thy face,
 O Jesus, and be join'd to thee.

PART II. L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the' ethereal scene :
 He claims these mansions as his right ;
 Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory, who ?
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of glory, who ?
 The Lord of glorious power possess'd ;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever bless'd.

PSALM XXXII. L. M. D.

1 **B**LESS'd is the man, supremely blest,
 Whose wickedness is all forgiven ;
 Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
 And sees the smiling face of heaven.
 The guilt and power of sin are gone
 From him that doth in Christ believe ;
 Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
 And buried in his Saviour's grave.

2 Bless'd is the man, to whom his Lord
 No more imputes iniquity ;
 Whose spirit is by grace restor'd,
 From all the guile of Satan free ;

Free from design or selfish aim,
 Harmless, and pure, and undefil'd ;
 A simple follower of the Lamb,
 And harmless as a new-born child.

3 But while, through pride, I held my tongue,
 Nor own'd my helpless unbelief ;
 My bones were wasted all day long,
 My strength consum'd with pining grief :
 Crush'd by thine anger's heavy hand,
 Burn'd up as a dry barren ground,
 I ever of my sin complain'd,
 But no relief or mercy found.

PART II. L. M. D.

4 RESOLV'D, at last, to God (I cried)
 My sins I will at large confess ;
 My shame I will no longer hide,
 My depth of desperate wickedness ;
 All will I own unto my Lord,
 Without reserve or cloaking art ;
 I said ; and felt the pard'ning word,
 Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.

5 For this shall every child of God
 Thy power and faithful love declare ;
 And claim the grace on all bestow'd,
 Who make to thee their timely prayer.
 But when the floods of judgment rise,
 And sweep their guilty souls away,
 Remains for sin no sacrifice ;
 For ended is their gracious day.

6 Thou art my hiding-place : in thee
 I rest secure from sin and hell ;
 Safe in the love that ransom'd me,
 And shelter'd in thy wounds I dwell.
 Still shall thy grace to me abound,
 The countless wonders of thy grace
 I still shall tell to all around,
 And sing my great Deliverer's praise.

PART III. L. M. D.

7 I WILL instruct the child-like heart,
 (My Teacher saith, for ever nigh,)

Nor let thee from my paths depart,
But guide thee with my gracious eye.

Only my gracious look obey,

And yield my perfect will to prove;

Nor cast my easy yoke away,

Nor stop thine ears against my love.

8 Whoe'er like horse and mule withstand,

And follow their own stiff-neck'd will;

I bruise beneath my weighty hand,

And force them all my plagues to feel:

But he that dares in me confide,

Shall only know my pard'ning grace;

My mercy's arms on every side

Shall every faithful soul embrace.

9 Ye faithful souls, rejoice in him,

Whose arms are still your sure defence;

Your Lord is mighty to redeem;

Believe; and who shall pluck you thence?

Ye men of upright heart, be glad,

For Jesus is your God and Friend;

He keeps whoe'er on him are stay'd,

And he shall keep them to the end.

PSALM XXXVI. 6 lines 8s.

1 **M**Y heart, to every vice inclin'd,
The sinner's closest sin bewrays;
The fear of God he casts behind,
He hides himself among the trees;

Self-soothing in his lost estate,

Sleeps on secure, and wakes too late.

2 His words are all deceit and lies,

He hatches mischief on his bed;

No longer to salvation wise:

In every thought, and word, and deed,

He cleaves to sin, and sin alone;

Evil and he, I find, are one.

3 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace,

Above the clouds thy mercies rise;

Steadfast thy truth and faithfulness,

Thy word of promise never dies;

Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove,

The base of thine eternal love.

4 Unsearchable thy judgments are,
 A boundless, bottomless abyss :
 But, lo ! thy providential care
 O'er all thy works extended is ;
 In thee the creatures live and move,
 And are : all glory to thy love !

PART II. 6 lines 8s.

5 THY love sustains the world it made,
 Thy love preserves both man and beast ;
 Beneath thy wings' almighty shade
 The sons of men securely rest ;
 And those who haunt the hallow'd place,
 Shall banquet on thy richest grace.

6 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream,
 Which ever issues from thy throne ;
 Fountain of joy and bliss supreme,
 Eternal life and thou are one :
 To us, to all so freely given,
 The light of life, the heaven of heaven !

7 Stay then with those that know thy peace,
 The simple men of heart sincere ;
 From all their foes and sins release,
 From pride and lust redeem them here :
 Thine utmost saving grace extend,
 And love, O love them to the end.

8 The prayer is seal'd ; we now foresee
 The downfall of our inbred foes ;
 Jesus hath got the victory,
 His own right hand our sins o'erthrows :
 Destroys their being with their power ;
 They die, they fall to rise no more !

PSALM XLV. 6 lines 8s.

1 **M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs
 Its glorious matter to declare !
 Of him I make my loftier songs,
 I cannot from his praise forbear ;
 My ready tongue makes haste to sing
 The beauties of my heavenly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
 Perfect in comeliness thou art ;

Replenish'd are thy lips with grace ;
 And full of love thy tender heart :
 God ever bless'd, we bow the knee,
 And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
 And take to thee thy power divine :
 Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,
 All power and majesty are thine.

Assert thy worship and renown,
 O all-redeeming God, come down.

4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
 And let thy glorious toil succeed ;
 Dispread the victory of thy cross,
 Ride on, and prosper in thy deed ;
 Through earth triumphantly ride on,
 And reign in all our hearts alone.

5 Still let the word of truth prevail,
 The Gospel of thy general grace ;
 Of mercy mild that ne'er shall fail,
 Of everlasting righteousness ;
 Into the faithful soul brought in,
 To root out all the seeds of sin.

6 Terrible things thine own right hand
 Shall teach thy greatness to perform :
 Who in the vengeful day can stand
 Unshaken by thine anger's storm ;
 While riding on the whirlwind's wings,
 They meet the thund'ring King of kings !

7 Sharp are the arrows of thy love,
 And pierce the most obdurate heart ;
 Their point thine enemies shall prove,
 And, strangely fill'd with pleasing smart,
 Fall down before the cross subdued,
 And feel thine arrows dipp'd in blood.

PART II. 6 lines 8s.

8 O GOD of love, thy sway we own,
 Thy dying love doth all controul ;
 Justice and grace support thy throne,
 Set up in every faithful soul ;

Steadfast it stands in them, and sure,
When pure as thou our God art pure.

9 Lover thou art of purity,
And hatest every spot of sin ;
Nothing profane can dwell with thee,
Nothing unholy or unclean ;
And therefore doth thy Father own
His glorious likeness in his Son.

10 Therefore he hath his Spirit shed,
Spirit of joy, and power, and grace,
Immeasurably on thy head ;
First-born of all the chosen race,
From thee the sacred unction springs,
That makes thy fellows priests and kings.

11 Sweet is the odour of thy name,
Through all the means a fragrance comes ;
Thy garments hide the sinner's shame,
Thy garments shed divine perfumes,
That through the ivory palace flow,
The church in which thou reign'st below.

A HYMN. 8s & 6s. *Gaulter.*

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Restorer of thine image lost,
The flaming sword remove :
Teach me thine image to regain,
And to my docile heart explain
The mystery of love.

2 I now perceive thy love's design :
Thou didst again in council join,
Thy name to re-impress ;
Anew thy creature to create,
And raise me to my first estate
In perfect righteousness.

3 To execute thy kind intent,
Jehovah from Jehovah sent,
Left his eternal throne ;
A man of griefs, He stain'd the tree,
Saviour of all, He laid for me
The precious ransom down.

4 The Spirit purchas'd with his blood,
By Father and by Son bestow'd,
Doth now in man reside ;
For us he strongly intercedes,
Us into all thy councils leads,
Our sure indwelling Guide.

5 Pardon He on our conscience seals ;
Thy good and welcome will reveals,
To save a world by grace :
He marks us for salvation's heirs,
And moulds, and fashions, and prepares,
To see thine open face.

6 He sanctifies, without respect
Of high or low, his own elect,
Regenerate from above ;
Into thy glorious form converts,
And stamps thine image on our hearts,
In purity and love.

7 O would'st Thou stamp it now on mine,
The name and character divine,
The holy One in Three !
Come, Father, Son, and Spirit, give
Thy Love,—Thyself ; and, lo ! I live
Imparadis'd in Thee.

A HYMN. 6 lines 8s.

1 **T**HE Father freely justifies,
The Son his pardoning power asserts,
The Holy Ghost that blood applies,
Which purifies believing hearts ;
Yet God, who sin forgives alone,
In Persons Three is only One.

2 Thou Triune God of pardoning love,
On me thy kind compassion show ;
By faith begotten from above,
And call'd assuredly to know
The blessings by Three Persons given,
The peace of God, the pledge of heaven.

3 Jehovah, come ! thyself reveal,
 To save a soul so dearly bought ;
 The peace and joy unspeakable,
 The love surpassing human thought ;
 Thrice holy God, to me impart,
 With all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

PSALM XLVII. 7s.

1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call ;
 Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
 Triumph in his sov'reign grace.

2 Glorious is the Lord Most High,
 Terrible in Majesty ;
 He his sov'reign sway maintains,
 King o'er all the earth he reigns.

3 He the people shall subdue,
 Make us kings and conqu'rors too :
 Force the nations to submit,
 Bruise our sins beneath our feet.

4 He shall bless his ransom'd ones,
 Number us with Israel's sons ;
 God our heritage shall prove,
 Give us all a lot of love.

5 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the sky ;
 Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God !

6 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
 Praise him with the host divine .
 Emulate the heavenly powers,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

7 Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love ;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King !

PART II. 7s.

8 POWER is all to Jesus given,
 Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven ;
 Power he now to us imparts :
 Praise him with believing hearts.

9 Heathens he compels to obey :
 Saints he rules with mildest sway :
 Pure and holy hearts alone,
 Chooses for his quiet throne.

10 Peace to them and power he brings,
 Makes his subjects priests and kings ;
 Guards while in his worship join'd,
 Bids them cast the world behind.

11 On himself he takes their care,
 Saves them not by sword or spear ;
 Safely to his house they go,
 Fearless of the invading foe.

12 God keeps off the hostile bands,
 God protects their happy lands ;
 Stands as keeper of their fields,
 Stands as twice ten thousand shields.

13 Wonderful in saving power,
 Him let all our hearts adore ;
 Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
 Glory be to God Most High !

PSALM LVI. 8s & 6s.

1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, for man hath none,
 From day to day he still goes on
 To swallow up his prey :
 My foes continual battles wage,
 And strive with unrelenting rage
 My helpless soul to slay.

2 I now beneath their fury groan,
 But thou hast all my sufferings known,
 The hasty flights I took ;
 Thou treasur'st up my counted tears,
 And all my sighs, and griefs, and fears,
 Are noted in thy book.

3 Whenever on the Lord I cry,
 My foes, I know, shall fear and fly,
 For God is on my side ;
 Through thee will I thy word proclaim,
 And bless the mighty Jesu's name,
 And still in him confide.

4 In God I trust, the good, the true :
 I will not fear what flesh can do,
 For Jesus takes my part :
 I bless thee, Saviour, for thy grace,
 Offer my sacrifice of praise,
 And pay thee all my heart.

5 For thou hast sav'd my soul from death,
 From sin, the world, and hell beneath ;
 Thou hast my sins forgiven :
 That I the glorious light may see,
 Walk before God, and perfect be,
 And live the life of heaven.

A HYMN. 8s & 7s. *Love Divine.*

1 **F**AITH, though rational, is founded,
 Not on man, but God alone,
 On the great Jehovah grounded,
 Persons Three, in essence One :
 Who aright his Lord confesses,
 Unremovable he stands,
 Fix'd on an eternal basis,
 'Stablish'd with Almighty hands.

2 Not on vain imaginations,
 Do we, Lord, for proof depend ;
 Not on fancied inspirations,
 When thou dost thy Spirit send :
 Unenlighten'd reason leaves us
 Nought to build our faith upon :
 Evidence thy Spirit gives us
 Brighter than the mid-day sun.

PSALM LVII. 6 lines 8s.

1 **B**E merciful, O God, to me,
 To me who in thy love confide ;
 To thy protecting love I flee,
 Beneath thy wings my soul I hide,
 Till Satan's tyranny is o'er,
 And cruel sin subsists no more.

2 To God will I in trouble cry,
 Who freely undertakes my cause ;
 My God, most merciful and high,
 Shall save me from the lion's jaws ;
 Destroy him ready to devour,
 With all his works, and all his power.

3 The Lord, out of his holy place,
 His mercy and his truth shall send :
 Jesus is full of truth and grace,
 Jesus shall still my soul defend :
 While in the toils of hell I lie,
 And from the den of lions cry.

4 My heart is fix'd, O God, my heart
 Is fix'd to triumph in thy grace :
 (Awake, my lute, and bear a part)
 My glory is to sing thy praise ;
 Till all thy nature I partake,
 And bright in all thine image wake.

5 Thee will I praise among thine own ;
 Thee will I to the world extol ;
 And make thy truth and goodness known ;
 Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;
 Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend,
 Thy faithful mercies never end.

6 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
 The highest name in earth or heaven :
 Let angels sing thy glorious love,
 And bless the name to sinners given ;
 All earth and heaven their King proclaim,
 Bow every knee to Jesu's name !

A HYMN. 8s & 7s. *Love Divine.*

1 **B**OWELS of divine compassion,
 Love reveal'd in Persons Three,
 God of grace and consolation,
 Manifest Thyself to me :
 Conscious of my blood-bought pardon,
 Let me in thine image rise :
 Make my soul a water'd garden,
 Give me back my paradise.

2 Make thy goodness pass before me,
 Glorious God, thyself proclaim,
 To my first estate restore me,
 Re-impress with thy new name ;
 In the likeness of my Maker
 Re-begotten from above,
 Of thy holiness partaker,
 Fill'd with all the life of love.

PSALM LXXXIV. 4 lines 6s, & 2-8s.

Trumpet Measure.

1 **L** ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !
 To thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still : And happy they
 That love the way to Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears ;
 Till each o'ercomes at length,
 Till each in heaven appears ;
 O glorious seat ! Thou God, our King,
 Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow upon our race
 His saving grace and glory too.

5 The Lord his people loves,
 His hand no good with-holds

From those his heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls ;
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee !

PSALM LXXXIX. L. M. *Hyacinth.*

THY Mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell ;
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

- 2 For thy stupendous truth and love,
 Both heaven and earth just praises owe ;
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.
- 3 What seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare ?
 Or who among the gods of earth,
 With our almighty Lord compare ?
- 4 With reverence and religious dread
 His servants to his house should press ;
 His fear through all their hearts should spread,
 Who his almighty name confess.
- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast
 Of strength and power, like thine renown'd ?
 Of such a numerous, faithful host,
 As that which does thy throne surround ?
- 6 Thou dost the lawless sea controul,
 And change the prospect of the deep :
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 7 In thee the sov'reign right remains
 Of earth and heaven : Thee, Lord, alone
 The world and all that it contains,
 Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 8 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
 Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign :
 Possess'd of absolute command,
 Thou truth and mercy dost maintain !

PSALM C. L. M.

1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CIII. L. M.

1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless,
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound :
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

4 As high as heaven its arch extends,
Above this little spot of clay ;
So much his boundless love transcends,
The small regards that we can pay.

5 As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far hath he our sins remov'd ;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.

6 The Lord, the universal King,
 In heaven hath fix'd his lofty throne :
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his praise is shown.

7 Ye, that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will ;
 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

8 Let every creature jointly bless
 The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express ;
 And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIV. PART I. L. M.

1 **B**LESS God, my soul : thou, Lord, alone
 Possessest empire without bounds ;
 With honour thou art crown'd : thy throne
 Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
 And glory for a garment take ;
 Heaven's curtain stretch'd beyond the globe,
 Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
 His palace-chamber in the skies ;
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms
 The swift-wing'd steeds on which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
 His ministers heaven's palace fill ;
 To have their sundry tasks assign'd,
 All pleas'd to serve their Sov'reign's will.

5 Earth on her centre fix'd, he set,
 Her face with waters overspread ;
 Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet,
 'To lift above the waves their head.

6 But when thy awful face appear'd,
 The insulting waves dispers'd ; they fled,
 When once thy thunder's voice they heard ;
 And by their haste confess'd their dread.

- 7 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And gushing from the mountain's side,
Through valleys travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.
- 8 There thou hast fix'd the ocean's bounds,
The threat'ning surges to repel :
That they no more o'erpass their bounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

PART II. L. M.

- 1 YET thence in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills ;
And starting springs from every lawn
Surprise the vale with plenteous rills.
- 2 The field's tame beasts are thither led,
Weary with labour, faint with drought ;
And asses, on wild mountains bred,
Have sense to find these currents out.
- 3 There shady trees from scorching beams
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng ;
They drink, and for the bounteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.
- 4 Thy rains from heaven parch'd hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid store ;
Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit ;
And nature's lap can hold no more.
- 5 Grass, for our cattle to devour,
Thou mak'st the growth of every field ;
Herbs for man's use of various power,
That either food or physic yield.
- 6 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares ;
Gives oil, that makes his face to shine,
And corn that wasted strength repairs.

PART III. L. M.

- 1 THE trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed ;
The mountain-cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.

2 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms,
 The wand'lers of the air may rest ;
 The hospitable pine from harms
 Protects the stork, her pious guest.

3 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
 Its tow'ring heights their forests make ;
 Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
 Where feebler creatures refuge take.

4 The moon's inconstant aspect shows
 The' appointed seasons of the year ;
 The' instructed sun his duty knows,
 His hour to rise, and disappear.

5 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
 When forest-beasts securely stray ;
 Young lions roar their wants aloud
 To Providence that sends them prey.

6 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
 Till summon'd by the rising morn ;
 To sculk in dens, with one consent,
 The conscious ravagers return.

7 Forth to the tillage of the soil
 The husbandman securely goes ;
 Commencing with the sun his toil,
 With him returns to his repose.

8 How various, Lord, thy works are found ;
 For which thy wisdom we adore ;
 The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
 Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

PART IV. L. M.

1 BUT still the vast unfathom'd main
 Of wonders a new scene supplies ;
 Whose depths inhabitants contain
 Of every form and every size.

2 Full freighted ships from every port
 There cut their unmolested way ;
 Leviathan, whom there to sport
 Thou mad'st, hath compass there to play.

3 These various troops of sea and land
 In sense of common want agree ;
 All wait on thy dispensing hand,
 And have their daily alms of thee.

4 They gather what thy stores disperse,
 Without their trouble to provide ;
 Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
 The craving world is all supplied.

5 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
 The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn ;
 Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
 Forthwith to mother-earth return.

6 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth
 To inspire the mass with vital seed ;
 Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
 Smiles on her new-created breed.

7 Thus through successive ages stands
 Firm fix'd thy providential care ;
 Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,
 Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

8 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
 Earth's panting breast with terror fills ;
 One touch from thee with clouds of smoke
 In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

9 In praising God, while he prolongs
 My breath, I will that breath employ ;
 And join devotion to my songs,
 Sincere as is in him my joy.

10 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
 My soul, praise thou his holy Name ;
 Till with my song the list'ning world
 Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

PSALM CXIII. 6 lines 8s.

1 **Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway :
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are :
 With him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heaven what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion of the greatest there.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
 And suffering saints on earth adore ;
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When earth and heaven shall be no more.

PSALM CXIV. L. M.

1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land ;
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King ; and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
 The deep divides to make them way :
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep ;
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
 Not Sinai on his base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide ?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
 Retire, and know the approaching God,
 The King of Israel : See him here :
 Tremble, thou earth; adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
 The rock to standing pools he turns .
 Flints spring with fountains at his word ,
 And fires and seas confess the Lord .

THE SAME. 6 lines 8s. Carey's.

1 WHEN Israel out of Egypt came ,
 And left the proud oppressor's land ,
 Conducted by the great I AM ,
 Safe in the hollow of his hand ;
 The Lord in Israel reign'd alone ,
 And Judah was his fav'rite throne .

2 The sea beheld his power and fled ,
 Disparted by the wondrous rod ;
 Jordan ran backward to his head ,
 And Sinai felt the' incumbent God ;
 The mountains skipp'd like frightened rams ,
 The hills leap'd after them as lambs .

3 What ail'd thee , O thou trembling sea ,
 What horror turn'd the river back ?
 Was nature's God displeas'd at thee ?
 And why should hills and mountains shake ;
 Ye mountains huge , who skipp'd like rams ,
 Ye hills , who leap'd as frightened lambs !

4 Earth , tremble on , with all thy sons ,
 In presence of thy awful Lord ;
 Whose power inverted nature owns ,
 Her only law his sov'reign word :
 He shakes the centre with his nod ,
 And heaven bows down to Jacob's God .

5 Creation , varied by his hand ,
 The' omnipotent Jehovah knows :
 The sea is turn'd to solid land ,
 The rock into a fountain flows ;
 And all things as they change proclaim ,
 The Lord eternally the same .

PSALM CXVI. C. M.

1 O THOU , who when I did complain ,
 Didst all my griefs remove ;
 O Saviour , do not now disdain
 My humble praise and love .

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
 And heard me when I pray'd ;
 I'll call upon thee while I live,
 And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
 My soul encompass'd round ;
 Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,
 On every side I found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
 And did for succour flee :
 O save (in my distress I said)
 The soul that trusts in thee !

5 How good thou art, how large thy grace ;
 How easy to forgive !
 The helpless thou delight'st to raise ;
 And by thy love I live !

6 Then, O my soul, be never more
 With anxious thoughts distrest ;
 God's bounteous love doth thee restore
 To ease, and joy, and rest.

7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
 My feet from falling free ;
 Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
 O Lord, I'll live to thee !

PSALM CXVII.

1 **Y**E Nations, who the globe divide,
 Ye num'rous nations scatter'd wide,
 To God your grateful voices raise ;
 To all his boundless mercies shown,
 His truth to endless ages known,
 Require our endless love and praise.

2 To Him, who reigns enthron'd on high,
 To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
 Our guilt and errors to remove !
 To that bless'd Spirit who grace imparts,
 Who rules in all believing hearts,
 Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love !

PSALM CXVIII. PART I. 6 lines 8s.

1 **A** LL glory to our gracious Lord ;
 His love be by his church ador'd ,
 His love eternally the same :
 His love let Aaron's sons confess ,
 His free and everlasting grace ,
 Let all that fear the Lord proclaim .

2 In trouble on the Lord I cried ,
 And felt the pard'ning word applied :
 He answer'd me in peace and power ;
 He pluck'd my soul out of the net ,
 In a large place of safety set ,
 And bade me go and sin no more .

3 The Lord , I now can say , is mine ;
 And confident in strength divine ,
 Nor man , nor fiends , nor flesh I fear :
 Jesus the Saviour takes my part ,
 And keeps the issues of my heart :
 My helper is for ever near .

4 Wherefore I soon my wish shall see ,
 On all who hate and strive with me :
 My full redemption now draws nigh :
 Mine enemies shall all be slain ,
 And not one spot of sin remain ;
 Its relics shall for ever die .

PART II. 6 lines 8s.

5 BETTER it is in God to trust ,
 In God the good , the strong , the just ,
 Than a false , sinful child of man ;
 Better in Jesus to confide ,
 Than every other prince beside ,
 Who offer all their helps in vain .

6 His all-sufficient help I found ,
 By hostile nations compass'd round ,
 And him my Saviour I proclaim :
 Hell , earth , and sin subdued I see ;
 I soon shall more than conqu'ror be ,
 And all destroy through Jesu's name .

7 They kept me in on every side ,
 Satan , the world , and lust , and pride ,

On every side they kept me in :
 Yet through thy name on which I call,
 I surely shall destroy them all ;

My Lord shall make an end of sin.

8 Begirt with hosts of enemies,
 Vexatious as thick-swarming bees,
 Quench'd as a blaze of thorns I see
 Their fury's momentary flame ;
 I all destroy through Jesu's name,
 And live from sin for ever free.

PART III. 6 lines 8s.

9 O SIN, my cruel bosom-foe,
 Oft hast thou sought my soul to' o'erthrow,
 And sorely thrust at me in vain ;
 In my defence the Saviour stood ;
 Cover'd with his victorious blood,
 And arm'd my sprinkled heart again.

10 Righteous I am in him and strong,
 He is become my joyful song,
 My Saviour and salvation too ;
 I triumph through his mighty grace,
 And pure in heart shall see his face,
 And rise in Christ a creature new.

11 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,
 And thanks for his redeeming grace
 Among the justified is found :
 With songs that rival those above,
 With shouts proclaiming Jesu's love,
 Both day and night their tents resound.

12 The Lord's right hand hath wonders wrought,
 Above the reach of human thought,
 The Lord's right hand exalted is :
 We see it still stretch'd out to save,
 The power of God in Christ we have,
 And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

PART IV. 6 lines 8s.

13 I SHALL not die in sin, but live,
 To Christ, my Lord, the glory give,
 His miracles of grace declare ;
 When he the work of faith hath done,

When I have put his image on,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

14 The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,
And bruis'd for mine iniquity,
Yet mercy would not give me up ;
Caught from the jaws of second death,
Pluck'd out of the devourer's teeth,
He bids me now rejoice in hope.

15 Open the gates of righteousness,
Receive me into Christ my peace,
That I his praises may record ;
He is the Truth, the Life, the Way,
The Portal of eternal day,
The Gate of heaven is Christ my Lord

16 Through him the just shall enter in,
Sav'd to the uttermost from sin ;
Already sav'd from all its power :
The Lord my Righteousness I praise,
And calmly wait the perfect grace,
When born of God I sin no more.

PART V. 6 lines 8s.

17 JESUS is lifted up on high,
Whom man refus'd and doom'd to die,
He is become the corner-stone ;
Head of his Church he lives and reigns,
His kingdom over all maintains,
High on his everlasting throne.

18 The Lord the' amazing work hath wrought,
Hath from the dead our Shepherd brought,
Reviv'd on the third glorious day ;
This is the day our God hath made,
The day for sinners to be glad
In him who bears their sins away.

19 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise ;
O send us now thy saving grace ;
Make this the acceptable hour ;
Our hearts would now receive thee in ;
Enter, and make an end of sin,
And bless us with the perfect power :

20 Bless us, that we may call thee blest ;
 Sent down from heaven to give us rest,
 Thy gracious Father to proclaim ;
 His sinless nature to impart,
 In every new believing heart
 To manifest his glorious name.

21 God is the Lord that shows us light ;
 Then let us render him his right,
 The off'ring of a thankful mind :
 Present our living sacrifice,
 And to his cross in closest ties
 With cords of love our spirit bind.

22 Thou art my God, and thee I praise ;
 Thou art my God, I sing thy grace ;
 And call mankind to extol thy name :
 All glory to our gracious Lord,
 His name be prais'd, his love ador'd,
 Through all eternity the same.

PSALM CXXI. 7s & 6s. *Kingswood.*

1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills ;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels :
 Will he not his help afford ?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given :
 God comes down ; the God and Lord,
 That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,
 And still in God confide :
 He thy faithful steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide :
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast,
 He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
 Rest in him, securely rest ;
 Thy watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor death, nor hell,
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;
 Careless slumber cannot steal
 On his all-seeing eyes.

He is Israel's sure defence,
 Israel all his care shall prove ;
 Kept by watchful Providence,
 And ever waking love.

4 See the Lord thy Keeper stand,
 Omnipotently near :
 Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
 And banishes thy fear :
 Shadows with his wings thy head,
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

5 Thee in evil's scorching day,
 The sun shall never smite ;
 Thee the moon's malignant ray
 Shall never blast by night :
 Safe from known or secret foes,
 Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
 God, when flesh, hell, earth, oppose,
 Shall keep thee safe from all.

6 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art sav'd from sin :
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,
 Henceforth and evermore.

PSALM CXXII. 7s.

1 **O** HOW overjoy'd was I,
 When the solemn hour drew nigh ;
 Summon'd to the house of prayer,
 Flew my soul to worship there.
 Come, my cheerful brethren said,
 Let us go with holy speed ;
 Let us haste with one accord,
 To the temple of our Lord.

2 Running at his kind command,
 There our ready feet shall stand.

Still within the sacred gate
 Will we for his mercy wait :
 Love the channels of his grace,
 Reverence the hallow'd place ;
 Where our Lord records his name :
 Stay we in Jerusalem.

3 God hath built his church below,
 Labour'd all his art to show ;
 Each with each the parts agree,
 Fram'd in perfect symmetry :
 There the chosen tribes go up,
 Testify their gospel-hope ;
 Praise and bless the' incarnate Word,
 Shout the name of Christ their Lord.

4 There are Aaron's mitred sons,
 There the Apostolic thrones ;
 Moses' legislative chair,
 God's great hierarchy is there.
 Pray, my friends, and never cease ;
 Wrestle on for Sion's peace ;
 Make her still your pious care,
 On your hearts for ever bear.

5 Hail the venerable name,
 Lovely, dear Jerusalem !
 Thee who bless shall blessed be,
 Prosper for their love to thee.
 Dwell within thy ramparts peace,
 Plenty deck thy palaces ;
 Jesus send thee from above
 All the treasures of his love.

6 For my friends' and brethren's sake,
 Thee my dearest charge I make :
 England's des'late church be mine ;
 Sion, all my soul be thine.
 O thou temple of my God,
 For thy sake I spend my blood,
 Longing here thy rise to see,
 Glad to live and die for thee.

PSALM CXXIII. 6 lines 8s.

1 **O** THOU, that on thine heavenly throne,
Dost undisturb'd for ever reign ;
To thee a worm of earth I groan,
To thee I lift my eyes in pain ;
And, weary of my burden, pray
Thy love to take this curse away.

2 As servants whom their lords chastise,
Beneath the scourge impatient stand ;
So on the Lord we turn our eyes,
And wait till mercy stops his hand ;
Till all his grievous plagues remove,
And angry justice yields to love.

3 Have mercy, Lord, the world restrain :
The wicked is a scourge of thine :
Crush'd by the pride of carnal man,
Dire instrument of wrath divine ;
Our soul in helpless misery lies,
And only thou can'st bid us rise.

4 Contemn'd and hated for thy cause,
Thy only favour we implore :
Strengthen us to endure the cross,
Till all their tyranny is o'er ;
Till Christ with our reward come down,
And ev'ry sufferer takes his crown.

PSALM CXXIV. 6 lines 8s.

1 **H**AD not the Lord for Israel stood,
When men and fiends against us rose ;
Stretch'd out his hand, and stemm'd the flood,
And stopp'd the fury of our foes ;
Our foes had swallow'd up their prey,
And torn our shield and souls away.

2 Had not the Lord, we now may cry,
Appear'd his people to sustain ;
The threat'ning floods that dash'd the sky,
Had whirl'd us down to hell again ;
O'erwhelm'd us in the gulf beneath,
And plung'd our souls in endless death.

3 But God hath quell'd their angry pride,
 And kept us in our evil hour ;
 His name be bless'd and glorified,
 He hath not left us to their power ;
 His word restrain'd their lawless will,
 And bade the raging sea be still.

4 He pluck'd the prey out of their teeth,
 Our souls have 'scap'd the fowler's snare :
 Broke through the toils of sin and death !
 And, lo ! our helper we declare ;
 The Lord of heaven and earth proclaim,
 And bless the' Almighty Jesu's name.

PSALM CXXV.

S. M. D.

1 **W**HOM in the Lord confide,
 And feel his sprinkled blood ;
 In storms and hurricanes abide,
 Firm as the mount of God :
 Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,
 His Sion cannot move !

His faithful people stand secure
 In Jesu's guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
 The hilly bulwarks rise ;
 So God protects and covers them,
 From all their enemies.
 On every side he stands,
 And for his Israel cares ;
 And safe in his almighty hands,
 Their souls for ever bears.

3 For, lo ! the reign of hell
 And hellish men, is o'er ;
 They can persuade, they can compel
 The just to sin no more :
 To devils, men, or sin,
 They need no more give place ;
 Nor ever touch the thing unclean,
 When cleans'd by pard'ning grace.

4 But let them still abide
 In thee, all-gracious Lord ;

Till every soul is sanctified,
 And perfectly restor'd :
 The men of heart sincere
 Continue to defend !
 And do them good, and save them here,
 And love them to the end.

5 Who to their sins draw back,
 And love again to stray ;
 The narrow path of life forsake,
 And throng the spacious way ;
 Back to their vomit turn,
 And fall from pard'ning grace ;
 The Lord to punish them hath sworn,
 And drive them from his face.

6 But peace, and power, and love,
 Shall Israel's portion be ;
 They all his promises shall prove,
 And all his goodness see :
 Holy and pure in heart,
 Obtain the perfect power ;
 They can no more from God depart,
 When they can sin no more.

PSALM CXXVI. *Irene, or Southwark Chapel.*

1 **W**HEN our redeeming Lord,
 Pronounc'd the pard'ning word ;
 Turn'd our soul's captivity,
 O what sweet surprise we found !
 Wonder ask'd, " And can it be ? "
 Scarce believ'd the welcome sound.

2 And is it not a dream ?
 And are we sav'd through him ?
 Yes, our bounding heart replied,
 Yes, broke out our joyful tongue ;
 Freely we are justified ;
 This the new, the joyful song !

3 The heathen too could see
 Our glorious liberty :
 All our foes were forc'd to own,
 God for them hath wonders wrought.

Wonders he for us hath done,
From the house of bondage brought.

4 To us our gracious God
His pard'ning love hath show'd :
Now our joyful souls are free
From the guilt and power of sin :
Greater things we soon shall see,
We shall soon be pure within.

5 Turn us again, O Lord,
Pronounce the second word ;
Loose our hearts, and let us go
Down the Spirit's fullest flood ;
Freely to the fountain flow,
All be swallow'd up in God.

6 Who for thy coming wait,
And wail their lost estate ;
Poor, and sad, and empty still,
Who for full redemption weep,
They shall thy appearing feel,
Sow in tears, in joy to reap.

7 Who seed immortal bears,
And wets his path with tears ;
Doubtless he shall soon return,
Bring his sheaves with vast increase ;
Fully of the Spirit born,
Perfected in holiness.

PSALM CXXVIII. C. M.

1 **B**LEST is the man that fears the Lord,
And walks in all his ways ;
An earnest of his great reward
On earth his Master pays.

2 Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain,
For perishable food ;
Thy Father shall his own sustain,
And fill thy soul with good.

3 Happy in him thy soul shall be,
And on his fulness feed ;
Jesus, who came from heaven for thee,
Shall be thy living bread.

4 Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine
 Her blooming offspring show ;
 Thy children shall be God's, not thine,
 His pleasant plants below.

5 Around thy plenteous table spread,
 Like olive-branches fair ;
 Heaven-ward they in thy steps shall tread,
 And meet their parents there.

6 Thus shall the man be bless'd who owns
 His Maker for his Lord ;
 Or doubly bless'd with better sons
 Begotten by the word.

7 The children of thy faith and prayer,
 Thy joyful eyes shall see ;
 Shall see the prosp'rous church, and share
 In her prosperity.

8 Sion again shall lift her head,
 And flourish all thy days ;
 Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,
 And bless the rising race.

9 Fill'd with abiding peace divine,
 With Israel's blessing blest ;
 Thou then the church above shalt join,
 And gain the heavenly rest.

PSALM CXXXI. 7s.

1 **L**ORD, if thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart ;
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
 Nothing shall I seek below ;
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both my heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Aw'd into a little child ;
 Quiet now without my food,
 Wean'd from every creature-good.

4 Hangs my new-born soul on thee,
Kept from all idolatry;
Nothing wants, beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy love.

5 O that all might seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd ;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore !

PSALM CXXXII.

L. M. D.

1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, the pious zeal
Of every soul that cleaves to thee ;
The troubles for thy sake they feel,
Their eager hopes thy house to see ;
Their vows to cry, and never rest,
Till thou art in thy church ador'd ;
And dwell'st in every faithful breast,
And count'st them worthy of their Lord.

2 We too the joyful sound have heard,
That God is coming to his place !
Here in the wilderness prepar'd,
Our Lord his ruin'd church shall raise :
For this our willing soul shall go,
And lowly at his footstool lie ;
Where'er his tent is pitch'd below,
And for a glorious temple cry.

3 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thou, and thy ark of perfect power :
God over all, for ever blest,
Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore :
Thy priests be cloth'd with righteousness.
Thy praise their happy lives employ ;
The saints in thee their all possess,
And shout the sons of God for joy.

4 O for thy love, thy Jesu's sake,
Us, thine anointed ones, receive :
In the Belov'd accepted make,
And bid us to thy glory live ;
The Lord hath sworn in righteousness,
And seal'd the cov'nant with his Son,

“ I will thy faithful seed increase,
And 'stablish them on David's throne.

5 “ If in my word thy children stay,
And in their Saviour's footsteps tread ;
The glorious Gospel-truth obey,
The truth shall make them free indeed ;
Renew'd and sanctified by grace,
The pillars shall no more remove ;
A holy, chosen, perfect race,
Enthron'd in everlasting love.

6 “ For, lo ! the Lord a seed hath chose,
His grace and glory to display ;
His own peculiar people those
Whoe'er the Gospel-call obey :
Sion, he saith, my rest shall be,
The faithful shall my presence feel ;
I long for all who long for me,
And will in them for ever dwell.

7 “ I will increase their gracious store,
My Sion every moment feed ;
And satisfy the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread ;
With garments of salvation deck
Her priests, and clothe with robes of praise ;
Her saints their joy aloud shall speak,
And shout my all-sufficient grace.

8 “ There shall the horn of David bud,
There I have set the lamp divine ;
The wisdom and the power of God,
In mine anointed Son shall shine :
Messias on my throne shall sit
Supreme, till all his foes are slain ;
Till death expires beneath his feet,
The sinner's Advocate shall reign.”

PSALM CXXXIII. *Trumpet Metre.*

¹ **B**EHOLD how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace ;
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness ;

When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity !

- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
(True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,)
And think and speak the same ;
And all in love together dwell ;
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove ;
This is the Gospel-grace,
The unction from above ;
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our head.
- 4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place :
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.
- 5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
For us the gift receiv'd :
For us and all the rest,
Who have in him believ'd ;
Forth from our Head the blessing goes,
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.
- 6 On all his chosen ones
The precious oil comes down ;
It runs, and as it runs,
It ever will run on :
Even to his skirts, (the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.)
- 7 From Aaron's beard it rolls,
(Those nearest to his face,)
The humble, trembling souls,
Who feebly sue for grace ;
I know the grace for all is free,
For lo ! it reaches now to me.

8 Grace every morning new,
 And every night we feel,
 The soft refreshing dew,
 That falls from Hermon's hill !
 On Sion it doth sweetly fall,
 The grace of one descends on all.

9 Ev'n now our Lord doth pour
 The blessing from above,
 A kindly gracious shower
 Of heart-reviving love ;
 The former and the latter rain,
 The love of God and love of man.

10 In him when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless ;
 His chiefest graces to bestow,
 Where two or three are met below.

11 The riches of his grace
 In fellowship are given,
 To Sion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven ;
 He fills them with his choicest store,
 He gives them life for evermore.

PSALM CXXXVI. 10s.

1 **Y**E servants of God, whose diligent care
 Is ever employ'd in watching and prayer ;
 With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim,
 Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.

2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,
 And lift up your hands, and pay him your vows :
 And while ye are giving your Maker his due,
 The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

PSALM CXXXIX. L. M.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down :
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways :
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
 On every side I find thy hand :
 O skill for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

4 O could I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting thee !
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
 Or whither from thy presence run ?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light :
 If down to hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main ;
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

7 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
 Beneath the sable wings of night ;
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
 Through midnight shades thou find'st the way,
 As in the blazing noon of day.

9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
 My reins, and every vital part ;
 Each single thread, in nature's loom,
 By thee was cover'd in the womb.

10 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
 A work of such a curious frame :
 The wonders thou in me hast shown,
 My soul with grateful joy shall own.

11 Thine eye my substance did survey,
 While yet a lifeless mass it lay ;

In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark enclosure brought.

12 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
Its parts were register'd by thee ;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since the maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount,
The power of numbers to recount.

14 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart,
If evil lurk in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXLV. Ver. 7, &c. C. M.

1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies :
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim :
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PART II. Ver. 14, &c. C. M.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God !

PSALM CXLVI. 6 *lines 8s.*

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker while I've breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure :
He saves the' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

4 Sing to the Lord ; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky :
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

5 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn :
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

6 What is the creature's skill or force ?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse ?
The piercing wit, the active limb ?
All are too mean delights for him.

7 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

2 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM CXLVIII. S. M.

1 **L**ET every creature join
 To praise the' eternal God !
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.

2 The sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays ;
 Ye starry lights, ye sparkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers or snow ;
 Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord ;
 When ye in vengeful storms conspire
 To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
 His honours be exprest ;
 But those who taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

PART II. S. M.

1 **L**ET earth and ocean know,
 They owe their Maker praise :
 Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
 And monsters of the seas.

2 From mountains near the sky,
 Let his loud praise resound ;
 From humble shrubs and cedars high,
 And vales and fields around.

3 Ye lions of the wood,
 And tamer beasts that graze ;
 Ye live upon his daily food,
 And he expects your praise.

4 Ye birds of lofty wing,
 On high his praises bear ;
 Or sit on flowery boughs and sing
 Your Maker's glory there.

5 Ye creeping ants, and worms,
 His various wisdom show ;
 And flies, in all your shining forms,
 Praise him that dress'd you so.

6 By all the earth-born race,
 His honours be exprest ;
 But those that know his heavenly grace,
 Should learn to praise him best.

PART III. S. M.

1 MONarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye the' eternal King ;
 Judges, adore the sov'reign hand,
 Whence all your honours spring.

2 Let vig'rous youth engage
 To sound his praises high ;
 While growing babes, and with'ring age,
 Their feeble voices try.

3 United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise :
 God is the Lord ; his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.

4 Let nature join with art,
 And both pronounce him blest ;
 But saints, who dwell so near his heart,
 Should sing his praises best.

THE SAME. *Trumpet Metre.*

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame :
 His praise your songs employ,
 Above the starry frame.

Your voices raise, ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim, to sing his praise.

- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day ;
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay ;
His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name ;
 By whose almighty word,
 They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last from changes free ;
His firm decree stands ever fast.
- 4 Let earth her tribute pay ;
 Praise him, ye dreadful whales ;
 And fish, that through the sea
 Glide swift with glitt'ring scales ;
Fire, hail, and snow, and misty air,
And winds that, where he bids them, blow.
- 5 By hills and mountains ; (all
 In grateful concert join'd ;)
 By cedars stately, tall,
 And trees for fruit design'd ;
By every beast, and creeping thing,
And fowl of wing, his name be bless'd.
- 6 Let all of royal birth,
 With those of humble frame,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim ;
In this design let youth with maids,
And hoary heads with children join.
- 7 United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise ;
Earth's utmost ends his power obey,
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

8 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high ;
 And favours all their race,
 Whose hearts to him are nigh ;
 O therefore raise your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice your Lord to praise.

THE SAME. 7s.

1 YE, who dwell above the skies,
 Free from human miseries ;
 Ye, whom highest heaven imbowers,
 Praise the Lord with all your powers.

2 Angels, your clear voices raise ;
 Him, ye heavenly armies praise ;
 Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,
 All ye sparkling eyes of night.

3 Water hanging in the air,
 Heaven of heavens his praise declare ;
 His deserved praise record,
 His, who made you by his Word.

4 Let the earth his praise resound,
 Monstrous whales, and seas profound ;
 Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
 Storms which, where he bids you, blow.

5 Flowery hills, and mountains high,
 Cedars, neighbours to the sky ;
 Trees, and cattle, creeping things,
 All that cut the air with wings.

6 Ye, who awful sceptres sway ;
 Ye, accustom'd to obey :
 Princes, judges of the earth,
 All of high and humble birth :

7 Youths and virgins, flourishing
 In the beauty of your spring ;
 Ye, who were but born of late,
 Ye, who bow with age's weight ;

8 Praise his name with one consent :
 O how great ! how excellent !

Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star.

9 He will his to glory raise :
Ye, his saints, resound his praise ;
Ye, his sons, his chosen race,
Bless his love, and sov'reign grace.

THE SAME. C. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, ye' immortal choir,
That fill the realms above ;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

7 While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.

8 But gentler things shall tune his name,
To softer notes than these ;

Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow ;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On every thankful bough.

10 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky,
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise,
In coarser harmony.

11 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

PSALM CL. C. M. D.

1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show ;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power,
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim :
Praise him in the sacred dance,
Harmony's full concert raise ;
Let the virgin-choir advance,
And move but to his praise.

3 Celebrate the' eternal God
With harp and psaltery ;
Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud,
In his high praise agree ;
Praise him, every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art ;

All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

4 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King :
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth ador'd ;
Praise the Lord in every breath !
Let all things praise the Lord !

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

C. M.

1 **H**AIL, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend ;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.

2 In light unsearchable enthron'd,
Which angels dimly see ;
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three.

3 From thee through an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring flow'd ;
An everlasting Father thou,
An everlasting God.

4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd ;
By wondrous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man reveal'd.

5 Supreme, and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod,
Shall perish by thy fire.

6 Thy name, Jehovah, be ador'd
By creatures without end ;
Whom none but thy essential Word,
And Spirit comprehend.

A HYMN TO GOD THE SON.

C. M.

1 **H**AIL, God the Son, in glory crown'd,
Ere time began to be ;

Thron'd with thy Sire, through half the round
Of wide eternity !

- 2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame
Display their Author's power ;
And each exalted seraph-flame,
Creator, Thee adore !
- 3 Thy wondrous love the Godhead show'd
Contracted to a span :
The co-eternal Son of God,
The mortal son of man.
- 4 To save mankind from lost estate,
Behold his life-blood stream !
Hail, Lord, Almighty to create !
Almighty to redeem !
- 5 The Mediator's God-like sway,
His Church beneath sustains ;
Till nature shall her Judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.
- 6 Hail, with essential glory crown'd,
When time shall cease to be ;
Thron'd with thy Father, through the round
Of whole eternity.

A HYMN TO GOD THE HOLY GHOST. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three ;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity.
- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er the' abyss
Of formless waters lay ;
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.
- 3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,
Thy presence who can fly ?
Known is the Father to thy sight,
The' abyss of Deity.
- 4 Thy power through Jesu's life display'd,
Quite from the Virgin's womb ;

Dying, his soul an offering made ;
And rais'd him from the tomb :

5 God's image, which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below ;

And truth, and holiness, and joy,
From thee, their fountain, flow.

6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three ;

Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity !

A HYMN TO THE TRINITY.

C. M.

1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be endless praise to thee !
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

2 Enthron'd in everlasting state,
Ere time its round began ;
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.

3 To whom Isaiah's vision show'd,
The seraphs veil their wings ;
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
The' angelic army sings.

4 To thee, by mystic powers on high,
Were humble praises given ;
When John beheld, with favour'd eye,
The' inhabitants of heaven.

5 All, that the name of creature owns,
To Thee in hymns aspire :
May we, as angels on our thrones,
For ever join the choir !

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to Thee ;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

ANOTHER. S. M.

1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues ;

†

Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their songs.

- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath,
In honour of the Son ;
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise,
Of an immortal strain ;
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin ;
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three,
That seal the grace in heaven ;
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

ANOTHER. L. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe,
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God :
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Causes the living springs of grace
To rise, and then the currents flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore :
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

THE DIVINE PERFECTIONS. *Trumpet Metre.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe :
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his mighty works,
Amazing wisdom shines ;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs ;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend :
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend !
I love his name, I love his word,
Join, all my powers, to praise the Lord !

UNIVERSAL PRAISE. 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, dull soul, how every thing
Strives to' adore our bounteous King !
Each a double tribute pays ;
Sings its part, and then obeys,
- 2 Nature's sprightliest, sweetest choir,
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Every day they chant their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
- 3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams, too, have their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still run on.

4 All the flowers that paint the spring,
Hither their still music bring :
If heaven bless them, thankful they,
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Wake for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to employ thy nobler powers.

6 Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas he whole nature made :
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

7 Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy works ador'd ;
One in Three, and Three in One,
All things bow to Thee alone.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

L. M.

1 **R**EAGENT of all the worlds above,
Thou sun, whose rays adorn our sphere ;
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circle of the year.

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
Who decks thy orb with borrow'd rays :
Or may the sun forget to rise,
When he forgets his Maker's praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon ;
Whose paler fires and female light
Are softer rivals of the noon ;

4 Arise, and to that sov'reign Power,
Waxing and waning honours pay ;
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye glittering stars, that gild the skies,
When darkness has her curtain drawn ;
That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone :

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
 Dispers'd through all the heavenly street ;
 Whose boundless treasures can afford
 So rich a pavement for his feet.

7 Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
 Fair palace of the court divine ;
 Where, with inimitable light,
 The Godhead condescends to shine :

8 Praise thou the great Inhabitant,
 Who scatters lovely beams of grace
 On every angel, every saint ;
 Nor veils the lustre of his face.

9 O God of glory, God of love,
 Thou art the sun that mak'st our day !
 'Midst all the wondrous works above,
 Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

SONG TO CREATING WISDOM. c. m.

1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings :
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circles run :
 There the pale planet rules the night ;
 The day obeys the sun.

4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
 On clouds and storms below,
 Those under-regions of the skies
 Thy numerous glories show.

5 The noisy winds stand ready there,
 Thy orders to obey ;
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make thy chariot way.

6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
 Thy thunders shake our coast ;
 While the red lightnings wave along,
 The banners of thy host.

7 On the thin air, without a prop,
 Hang fruitful showers around ;
 At thy command they sink, and drop
 Their fatness on the ground.

8 Lo ! here thy wondrous skill arrays
 The earth in cheerful green ;
 A thousand herbs thy art displays,
 A thousand flowers between.

9 There the rough mountains of the deep
 Observe thy strong command ;
 Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
 Or sink them to the sand.

10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the wond'ring sight,
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.

11 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through thy works abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.

12 But the mild glories of thy grace
 Our softer passions move ;
 Pity divine in Jesu's face
 We see, adore, and love !

THANKSGIVING FOR GOD'S PARTICULAR
 PROVIDENCE. C. M.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys ;
 Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost,
 In wonder, love, and praise ?

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest ;
 While in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear ;
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd ;
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran ;
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way ;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise ;
 But, O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

GOD GLORIFIED, AND SINNERS SAVED.

c. m.

1 **F**AATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill ;
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ ;
 They show the labour of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms ;

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice, or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb,
 Adorn the heavenly plains !
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part,
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

CHRIST OUR WISDOM, RIGHTEOUSNESS, SANCTIFICATION, AND REDEMPTION. L. M.

1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night
 We lie, till Christ restore the light ;
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
 Till the atoning blood appears ;
 Then we awake from deep distress,
 And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains :
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness :
 Thou art our mighty All, and we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

THE OFFICES OF CHRIST. *Trumpet Metre.*

1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak thy worth,
 Too mean to set Thee, Saviour, forth.

2 But, O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heavenly grace !
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me !

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 Lo ! the Great Angel stands ;
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands ;
 Commission'd from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue shall bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern and my Guide ;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side :
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
 His watchful eye shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died,

My guilty conscience seeks

No sacrifice beside :

His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 O thou almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :

Thine is the power, behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down :
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown :
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

10 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on ;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH. s. m.

1 AND must this body die ?
A This well-wrought frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh ;
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine ;
And every shape, and every face
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love ;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs ;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

DAY OF PENTECOST. L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of this day,
When with thy fiery cloven tongues
Thou didst those glorious scenes display.

2 O 'twas a most auspicious hour,
Season of grace and sweet delight,
When thou didst come with mighty power,
And light of truth divinely bright :

3 By this the bless'd disciples knew
Their risen Head had enter'd heaven ;
Had now obtain'd the *Promise* due,
Fully by **God** the Father given.

4 Fir'd with the pure baptismal flame,
They publish swift the *Gospel*-word ;
Pardon and life in Jesu's name ;
And high extol their Saviour-Lord.

5 The gazing multitude inquir'd,
With contrite hearts, "What must we do ?"
But soon obtain'd what they desir'd,
And gladly practis'd what they knew.

6 Three thousand on that day baptiz'd,
Believ'd with joyfulness of heart ;
The Saviour's name and precepts priz'd,
And in his precious love had part.

PART II. L. M.

1 LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic *Promise* given ;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Ah ! leave us not to mourn below,
 Or long for thy return to pine ;
 Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
 And fix in us the Guest divine.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
 Calmly we wait the promis'd grace,
 The purchase of our dying Lord ;
 Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks may find,
 If still thou dost on sinners fall,
 Come as a mighty rushing wind ;
 Great grace be now upon us all.

5 Behold, to thee our souls aspire,
 And languish thy descent to meet ;
 Kindle in each the living fire,
 And fix in every heart thy seat.

6 Spirit of faith, within us live,
 And strike the crowd with fix'd amaze ;
 Open our mouths, and utt'rance give,
 To publish the Redeemer's praise.

7 To testify the grace of God,
 To-day, as yesterday, the same ;
 And spread through all the earth abroad
 The wonders wrought in Jesu's name.

GOD OUR LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

c. m.

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights ;
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss ;
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers, " I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word ;

Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe :
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

COME, LORD JESUS. L. M.

1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen ?
When shall our eyes behold our God ?
What lengths of distance lie between ?
And hills of guilt ? A heavy load !

2 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the' eternal pillars bow ;
Bless'd Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

3 Hark ! how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom ;
Come, Thou ! the soul of all our joys ;
Thou, the Desire of Nations, come !

4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint ;
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee ;
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for immortality.

5 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth, and melting hills :
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

6 Hark ! what a shout of violent joys
Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound !
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs :
Let every sacred, sleeping dust
Leap into life ; for Jesus comes.

8 Jesus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay ;

Quick as seraphic flames we move,
To reign with him in endless day.

O YE SPIRITS AND SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS,
BLESS YE THE LORD. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, glorious angels, heirs of light,
Ye high-born sons of fire ! [bright,
Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine
All joy, yet all desire.
- 2 Hail, holy saints, who long in hope
And expectation sat ;
Till for its King, heaven did set ope
Its everlasting gate.
- 3 Hail, great Apostles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early ray,
Which from our sun reflected came,
And made a glorious day.
- 4 Hail, generous martyrs, whose strong hearts
Bravely rejoic'd to prove,
How weak, pale Death, are all thy darts
Compar'd to those of Love.
- 5 Hail, spotless virgins, whose pure love
Renounc'd all low desires !
Who wisely fix'd your hearts above,
And burn'd with heavenly fires.
- 6 Hail, all ye happy spirits above,
Who make that glorious ring
About the sparkling throne of Love,
And there for ever sing.
- 7 Great Lord, among their crowns of praise
Accept this little wreath,
Which, while their lofty notes they raise,
We humbly sing beneath.

SOLOMON'S SONG, CHAP. II. VERSE 1, &c. L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of Sharon here ;
The lily which the valleys bear :
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.

Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
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The lily which the valleys bear :
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.

2 Among the thorns as lilies shine,
 Among wild gourds the mantling vine ;
 So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
 Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
 To shield me from the burning heat ;
 Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
 To feed my eyes, and please my taste.

4 O never let my Lord depart :
 Lie down and rest upon my heart :
 I charge my sins not once to move,
 Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

VERSE 8, &c. L. M.

1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
 O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now, through the veil of flesh I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me ;
 Now in the Gospel's clearest glass
 He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue :
 Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,
 No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,
 The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;
 The sacred turtle-dove we hear,
 Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 The' immortal Vine, of heavenly root,
 Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit ;
 Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
 Our souls rejoice, and bless the Vine.

6 And when I hear my Jesus say,
 "Rise up, my love, make haste away ;"
 My heart would fain out-fly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

VERSE 14, &c. L. M.

1 **D**EAR LORD, my thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives ;
To thee my joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.

2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join :
Nor let a motion, or a word,
Or thought arise, to grieve my Lord.

3 Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see ;
Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

4 Be like a hart on mountains green ;
Leap o'er these hills of fear and sin :
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.

CHAP. III. VERSE 2, &c. L. M.

1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the bless'd hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !

4 Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

CHAP. IV. VERSE 1, &c. L. M.

1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word ;

“Thou art my chosen one,” he cries,
“Bound to my heart by various ties.

2 “Sweet is thy voice, my Spouse, to me ;
“I will behold no spot in thee.”
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comeliness on worms !

3 Defil’d and loathsome as we are,
Thou mak’st us white, and call’st us fair ;
Adorn’st us with thy heavenly dress,
Thy graces and thy righteousness.

4 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay
From thee : Come, Saviour, come away.

5 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies :
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

CHAP. V. &c. 6 lines 8s.

1 **W**HOO’S this, who like the morning shows,
When she her path with roses strews ;
More fair than the replenish’d moon,
More radiant than the sun at noon :
Nor armies with their ensigns spread,
So threat’ning with amazing dread !

2 His looks, like cedars planted on
The brows of lofty Lebanon :
His tongue the ear with music feeds,
And he in every part exceeds :
Among ten thousand he appears
The chief, and beauty’s ensign bears.

3 I, my Belov’d, am only thine ;
And thou by just exchange art mine :
Come, let us tread the pleasant fields ;
Taste we what fruit the country yields ;
There where no frosts or spring destroy,
Shalt thou alone my love enjoy.

4 Be I, O thou my better part,
 A seal impress'd upon thy heart ;
 Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
 Their waters could not quench love's fire :
 Nor all in nature's treasury,
 The freedom of affection buy.

5 O thou that in thy chosen liv'st,
 And life-infusing council giv'st,
 To those that in thy songs rejoice ;
 To me address thy cheerful voice :
 May I thy finger's signet prove ;
 For death is not more strong than love.

6 Come, my Belov'd, O come away,
 Love is impatient of delay :
 Run, like a youthful hart or roe,
 On hills where precious spices grow :
 Love is impatient of delay,
 Come, my Belov'd, O come away !

PART THE THIRD.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN 1. 7s & 6s. *Kingswood.*

1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood :
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me :
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning victim died :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore ;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more :
Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hands, his side :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Here will I set up my rest,
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart :

Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

HYMN II. 7s & 6s.

1 **W**HAT though earth and hell engage
 To shake my soul with fear,

Calmly I defy the rage
 Of persecution near ;
 Suff'ring faith shall brighter glow,
 As gold when in the furnace tried ;

Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end :

This is all my happiness
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 O that I could all invite
 This saving truth to prove ;

Show the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesu's love ;
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him in all my works I seek,
 Who hung upon the tree ;

Only of his love I speak,
 Who freely died for me.
 While I sojourn here below,
 Of nothing will I think beside ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

HYMN III. (*Psalm cxvii.*) L. M.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN IV. C. M.

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief ;
 He saw, (and, O amazing love !)
 He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled ;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break ;
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak !

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN V. *Ashley's.*

1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound,
 What pleasure to our ears ;
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever :
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Praise the Lord.

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around ;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound !
 Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues :
 Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c.

A HYMN. S. M.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill ;
 That bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice,
 So sweet the tidings are !
 " Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
 " He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desired long,
 But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad :
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN VII. 8s & 7s.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
 Streams of mercy never-ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise :
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues aboye :
 Praise the mount,—I'm fix'd upon it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love !

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy grace I'm come ;
 And I hope, by thy good favour,
 Shortly to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that grace now like a fetter
 Bind my wand'ring soul to thee ;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercies firm through ages past
 Have stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise !

3 O may I worthy prove to see
 Thy saints in full prosperity ;
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count thy people's triumph mine.

4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
 His name eternally confess'd :
 Let all his saints, with full accord,
 Sing loud Amens,—Praise ye the Lord.

HYMN IX. C. M.

1 O 'TIS delight, without alloy,
 Jesus, to hear thy name ;
 My spirit leaps with inward joy,
 I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
 When love inspires my breast ;
 Love, the divinest of the train,
 The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 Must sound from every joyful string
 Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay ;
 Let love refine my blood ;
 Her flames can bear my soul away,
 Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
 And hasten to my home ;
 I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
 I come, O Lord, I come.

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
 Let sin and death remove ;
 'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
 And death must yield to love.

HYMN X. S. M.

1 M Y God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call ;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell :
 'Tis paradise when thou art here ;
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are !
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss ;
 Thy sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above,
 Can make a heavenly place ;
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford ;
 No, not one drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll ;
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

HYMN XI. *Trumpet Metre.*

1 **Y**E ransom'd sinners, hear,
 The prisoners of the Lord,
 And wait till Christ appear,
 According to his word :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

2 The Lord our Righteousness,
 We have long since receiv'd :
 Salvation nearer is,
 Than when we first believ'd :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust ;
 If we our sins confess,
 Faithful he is, and just,
 From all unrighteousness
 To cleanse us all, both you and me :
 We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
 Of glory shall appear ;
 Sinners, your heads lift up,
 And see redemption near :
 Again I say, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's suff'rings share,
 My fellow-prisoners now,
 Ye soon the wreath shall wear,
 On your triumphant brow :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring,
 Our sacrifice of praise ;
 Let us give thanks, and sing,
 And glory in his grace :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN XII. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
 That have obtain'd the prize ;
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise ;
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone :
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family we dwell in Him,
 One Church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of his host hath cross'd the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die :
 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to reach that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress,
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity :
 E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crown'd ;
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound :
 O that we now might grasp our Guide,
 O that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

THE HEAVENLY PILGRIM.

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven ;
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven ;
 A country far from mortal sight :
 Yet, O ! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
 I calmly sojourn here ;
 Nor can its happiness or woe
 Provoke my hope or fear :
 Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are past ;
 But, O ! the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
 With singing I repair :
 While in the flesh, my hope and love,
 My heart and soul are there.
 There my exalted Saviour stands,
 My merciful High-Priest,
 And still extends his wounded hands
 To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,
 To hold me back from home,
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come ?
 Shall I regret my parted friends
 Still in the vale confin'd ?
 Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
 They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now ;
 And if I first attain,
 They too their willing head shall bow,
 They too the prize shall gain :
 Now on the brink of death we stand,
 And if I pass before,
 They all shall soon escape to land,
 And hail me on the shore.

6 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day.
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd ;
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

7 O would he more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessel break,
 And let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek :
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Through all eternity.

HYMN XIV. *Oliver's Metre.*

1 O THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin,
 Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
 Who hath died my heart to win,
 I will praise thee ;
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2 Now I see with joy and wonder,
 Whence the healing streams arose ;
 Angels with amazement ponder,
 Dying love's mysterious cause ;
 But the blessing
 Down to all, to me it flows.

3 While the' angelic choirs are crying
 Glory to the great I AM,
 I with them would still be vying,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb :
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesu's name.

4 This has set me all on fire,
 Strongly glows the flame of love ;
 Higher mounts my soul and higher,
 Struggling for its last remove ;
 Then I'll praise thee
 In a nobler strain above.

HYMN XV. *(Psalm xxxiv.)* C. M.

1 T HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance will I boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name :
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bless'd are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

HYMN XVI. 8 lines 8s. *Sion.*
(*Lam. iii. 23.*)

HIS mercies in Jesus renew'd
Each morning I wake to' adore ;
A fountain of infinite good,
A sea without bottom or shore :
My Lord inexpressibly kind,
O when shall I thank him above,
To Jesus eternally join'd,
Absorb'd in the depths of his love.

HYMN XVII. s. m.

1 **F**ATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bless thee for the precious gift
Of thy incarnate Son.

2 The Gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world thy goodness tell,
 And to thy glory live.

3 Jesus, the holy child,
 Doth by his birth declare
 That God and man are reconcil'd,
 And one in him we are.

4 Salvation through his name
 To all mankind is given ;
 And loud his infant cries proclaim
 A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

5 A peace on earth he brings,
 Which never more shall end ;
 The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings,
 Declares himself our friend :

6 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we his Spirit may gain,
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of Man.

7 His kingdom from above
 He doth to us impart ;
 And pure benevolence and love
 O'erflow the faithful heart.

8 Chang'd in a moment we
 The sweet attraction find ;
 With open arms of charity
 Embracing all mankind.

9 O might they all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace,
 And meekly in his Spirit live,
 And in his love increase.

10 Till he conveys us home,
 Cry every soul aloud,
 " Come, thou Desire of Nations, come,
 And take us home to God."

HYMN XIX. 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,
" Glory to our new-born King,
" Peace on earth and mercy mild,
" God and sinners reconcil'd."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the' incarnate Deity,
Pleas'd as man, with men to' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness :
Light and Life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place :
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN XX. C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music like thy blessed name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,
 Our great Melchizedec.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay :
 We'll sing our Jesu's blessed name,
 When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud
 With all that favour'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN XXI. 8s & 6s. *Gaulter.*

1 COME, Lord, and help me to rejoice;
 In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
 Shall one day see my God ;
 Shall cease from all my sin and strife,
 Handle and taste the word of life,
 And feel the sprinkled blood !

2 I shall not always make my moan,
 Nor worship thee a God unknown,
 But I shall live to prove
 Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
 Of thy redeeming love.

HYMN XXII.

1 WHAT hath the world to equal this,
 The solid peace, the heavenly bliss,
 The joys immortal, love divine,
 The love of Jesus ever mine :
 Greater joys I'm born to know,
 From terrestrial,
 To celestial,
 When I up to Jesus go.

2 When I shall leave this house of clay,
 Glorious angels shall convey,

†

Upon their golden wings shall I
 Be wafted far above the sky,
 There beholding, free from harms,
 Beauty vernal,
 Spring eternal,
 In the everlasting arms.

3 There in sweet silent raptures wait
 Till the saints' number be complete,
 Till the last trump of God shall sound,
 Break up the graves, and tear the ground ;
 Then descending with the Lamb,
 Every spirit
 Shall inherit
 Bodies of immortal frame.

HYMN XXIII. 8s & 6s.

1 **H**OW happy are the new-born race,
 Partakers of adopting grace,
 How pure the bliss they share ;
 Hid from the world and all its ways,
 Within their heart the blessing lies,
 And conscience feels it there.

2 The nioment we believe, 'tis ours ;
 And if we love with all our powers
 The God from whom it came,
 And if we serve with hearts sincere,
 'Tis still discernible and clear,
 An undisputed claim.

3 But, ah ! if foul and wilful sin
 Stain and dishonour us within,
 Farewell the joy we knew :
 Again the slaves of nature's sway,
 In lab'rynths of our own we stray,
 Without a guide or clue.

4 The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
 The gracious Spirit they receive,
 His work distinctly trace ;

And strong in undissembled love,
Boldly assert, and clearly prove,
Their hearts his dwelling place.

5 O messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove,
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

6 'Tis love unites what sin divides,
The centre where all bliss resides,
To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the First Great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace passing human thought.

7 Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
Divested of its woes ;
Then sovereign goodness soothes the breast,
Till then incapable of rest,
In sacred sure repose.

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

1 O GOD, at thy command we rise,
Thy glorious name to bless :
Thee, the great Lord of earth and skies,
We joyfully confess.

2 Our joy is now to sing of thee,
To triumph in thy love,
And this (transporting thought !) shall be
Our endless work above.

3 But, O our feeble strains of praise
How short of thee they fall ;
Let angels stronger voices raise
To hymn thee Lord of all.

4 Ranks upon ranks they fall before
The all-abasing Name,

In silent ecstasy to' adore
The glories of the Lamb.

5 O how shall we thy grace record,
With equal praise commend
The goodness of our patient Lord,
And mercies without end.

6 Us to that better Canaan bring,
That land of rest above ;
And there we worthily shall sing
Thy everlasting love.

HYMN XXV. 7s.

THE CHRISTIAN.

1 **W**HO is as the Christian great !
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

2 Who is as the Christian wise !
He his nought for all hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.

3 Who is as the Christian blest !
He hath found the long-sought stone,
He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.

4 Earth and heaven together meet ;
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.

5 Lo ! his clothing is the sun,
The bright Sun of Righteousness ;
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.

6 Lo ! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above ;

Leans on Jesu's breast his head,
Feasts for ever on his love.

7 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings ;
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of Kings.

8 Who shall gain that heavenly height,
Who his Saviour's face shall see ?
I, who claim it in his right,
Christ hath bought it all for me.

HYMN XXVI. 6 lines 8s.

THE SAME.

1 **H**APPY the soul, whom God delights
To honour with his sealing grace ;
On whom his hidden name he writes,
And decks him with the robes of praise,
And bids him calmly wait to prove
The utmost powers of perfect love.

2 I cannot, dare not now deny
The things my God hath freely given ;
That happy favour'd soul am I,
Who find in Christ a constant heaven ;
He makes me all his sweetness know,
He makes my cup of joy o'erflow.

3 His grace to me salvation brings,
His grace hath set me up on high !
He bears me still on eagles' wings,
He makes me ride upon the sky,
With him in heavenly places sit,
And see the moon beneath my feet.

4 A hidden life in Christ I live,
And exercis'd in things divine,
My senses all his love receive :
I see the King in beauty shine,
Fairer than all the sons of men ;
Thrice happy in his love I reign.

5 O might I feel the utmost power
 Of love, and into nothing fall !
 Infinite love, bring near the hour ;
 Infinite God, be all in all :
 Cover the earth, thou boundless sea,
 And swallow up our souls in thee !

HYMN XXVII. 6 lines 7s.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

1 O HOW happy am I here,
 How beyond expression blest,
 When I feel my Jesus near,
 When in Jesu's love I rest,
 Peace, and joy, and heaven, I prove,
 Heaven on earth in Jesu's love.

2 Nothing else but love I know,
 Worldly joys and sorrows end ;
 Man may rage, my feeble foe,
 Thou, O Jesus, art my friend :
 Man may smile ; I trust in thee ;
 Thou art all in all to me.

3 Thou my faithful friend and true,
 Reachest out thy gracious hand :
 What can men or devils do,
 While by faith in thee I stand ;
 Stand immoveably secure,
 Love hath made my footsteps sure.

4 Satan stirs a tempest up,
 Calm I wait till all is past ;
 See the anchor of my hope
 On the Rock of Ages cast !
 Never can that anchor fail,
 Enter'd now within the veil.

5 Should'st thou o'er the desert lead,
 Will me farther griefs to know,

After thee with steady tread,
 Leaning on thy love I'd go,
 Drink the fountain from above,
 Eat the manna of thy love.

6 O how wonderful thy ways !
 All in love begin and end :
 Whom thy mercy means to raise,
 First thy justice bids descend ;
 Sink into themselves, and rise
 Glorious all above the skies.

HYMN XXVIII. *6 lines 8s.*

BEFORE PREACHING.

1 **T**RUE witness of the Father's love,
 Celestial Messenger divine,
 Come in thy Spirit from above ;
 The hearts which thou hast made incline
 Thy faithful record to receive,
 That all may hear thy voice and live.

2 Send forth the everlasting word,
 The word of reconciling grace,
 That all may know their bleeding Lord,
 The freely proffer'd gift embrace,
 Hang on the all-aton ing Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

3 Jesu, thou only hast the key,
 Open the great effectual door,
 Extend the line from sea to sea,
 And glorify thy mercy's power ;
 Redeem the wretched slaves of sin,
 And force thy rebels to come in.

4 O might I every mourner cheer,
 And trouble every heart of stone,
 Save, under thee, the souls that hear,
 Nor lose, in seeking them, my own ;
 Nor basely from my calling fly,
 But for thy Gospel live and die.

HYMN XXIX. 6 lines 8s.

FOR A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL.

1 **A** H! give me all thy grace to know,
 Thy grace to this thy people give ;
 Lead them throughout their course below,
 And bid me in thy presence live ;
 Thy presence all my steps attend :
 O love me, love me, to the end.

2 Go with me, thou, in all my ways,
 And give my weary spirit rest ;
 May I, may all the chosen race,
 Be with thy special presence blest ;
 O let us never hence remove,
 Without the convoy of thy love.

3 How shall it but by this be known,
 Our sure acceptance in thy sight,
 We have found grace, we are thine own,
 For lo ! we walk with God in light :
 Thy presence shows the holy seed,
 Thy presence makes us saints indeed.

4 Distinct by characters divine,
 Thy sons as priests and kings appear,
 In thy reflected light they shine,
 And bear thy glorious image here ;
 The election of peculiar grace,
 The pure in heart, who see thy face.

HYMN XXX. 8s & 6s.

ANOTHER.

1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, if thou indeed
 Hast rais'd me up thy flock to feed,
 (Thy meanest servant me,)
 O may I all their burdens share,
 And gently in my bosom bear,
 The lambs redeem'd by thee.

2 Thy Spirit send me from above,
 Spirit of meek, long-suffering love,
 Of all-sufficient grace ;
 Endue me with thy constant mind,
 So good, so obstinately kind
 To our rebellious race.

3 A faithful steward of my Lord,
 Give me to minister thy word,
 And in thy steps to tread ;
 By every sore temptation tried,
 By sufferings fully qualified,
 Thy ailing flock to lead.

4 O may thy bowels yearn in me,
 Whene'er a wandering sheep I see,
 Till thou that sheep retrieve ;
 And let me in thy Spirit cry,
 Why, sinner, wilt thou perish, why,
 When Jesus bids thee live ?

HYMN XXXI. 8s & 6s.

ANOTHER.

1 **M**Y bosom fill with soft distress,
 With sympathizing tenderness,
 For every tempted soul ;
 Still would I grieve and suffer still,
 And all their pain and sickness feel,
 Till thou hast made them whole.

2 But chiefly would I make my moan,
 And deep beneath the burden groan
 Of those who did run well,
 But fainted in their evil day,
 And swerving from the narrow way,
 By pride or passion fell.

3 Here let me pour out all my tears,
 And spend in prayer my mournful years,
 That these may rise renew'd,
 Who have, like me, their Lord denied,
 That these again may feel applied,
 Thine all-atoning blood.

4 The love which brought thee from the skies,
 And made thy soul a sacrifice,
 Jesus, on me bestow ;
 Or let me, Lord, my life resign,
 That these, who once were counted thine,
 Again thy voice may know.

5 Shepherd, appear, the great, the good,
And O once more remove our load,
Repeat our sins forgiven ;
And mark the sheep with thy new name,
And ascertain our lawful claim,
To pardon, grace, and heaven.

HYMN XXXII.

1 **M**Y soul extols the mighty Lord,
In God the Saviour joys my heart ;
Thou hast not my low state abhor'd ;
Now know I, thou my Saviour art.

2 Sorrow and sighs are fled away,
Peace now I feel, and joy, and rest :
Renew'd, I hail the festal day,
Henceforth by endless ages blest.

3 Great are the things which thou hast done,
How holy is thy name, O Lord ;
How wondrous is thy mercy shown
To all that tremble at thy word !

4 Thy conqu'ring arm with terror crown'd,
Appear'd the humble to sustain ;
And all the sons of pride have found
Their boasted wisdom void and vain.

5 The mighty from their native sky
Cast down, thou hast in darkness bound ;
And rais'd the worms of earth on high,
With majesty and glory crown'd.

6 The rich have pin'd amidst their store,
Nor e'er the way of peace have trod ;
Meanwhile the hungry souls thy power
Fill'd with the fulness of their God.

7 Come, Saviour, come, of old decreed :
Faithful and true be thou confess'd :
By all earth's tribes in Abraham's seed
Henceforth through endless ages bless'd.

HYMN XXXIII. *Irene.*

1 **J**ESU, my God and King,
 Thy regal state I sing ;
 Thou, and only thou, art great,
 High thine everlasting throne ;
 Thou the sovereign Potentate,
 Bless'd, immortal thou alone.

2 Essay your choicest strains,
 The king Messiah reigns :
 Tune your harps, celestial choir,
 Joyful all your voices raise,
 Christ than earth-born monarchs higher,
 Sons of men and angels praise.

3 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
 Dominions, thrones, and powers !
 Source of power, he rules alone :
 Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,
 Cast your crowns before his throne,
 Hail the cause, the Lord of all !

4 Let earth's remotest bound
 With echoing joys resound ;
 Christ to praise let all conspire :
 Praise doth all to Christ belong ;
 Shout, ye first-born sons of fire,
 Earth, repeat the glorious song.

5 Worthy, O Lord, art thou
 That every knee should bow,
 Every tongue to thee confess,
 Universal nature join,
 Strong and mighty thee to bless,
 Gracious, merciful, benign.

6 Wisdom is due to thee,
 And might, and majesty ;
 Thee in mercy rich we prove ;
 Glory, honour, praise receive,
 Worthy thou of all our love,
 More than all we pant to give.

7 Justice and truth maintain
 Thine everlasting reign :
 One with thine Almighty Sire,
 Partner of an equal throne,
 King of hearts, let all conspire,
 Gratefully thy sway to own.

HYMN XXXIV. s. m.

1 **L**ET heaven and earth agree
 The Father's praise to sing,
 Who draws us to the Son, that he
 May us to glory bring.

2 Honour and endless love
 Let God the Son receive,
 Who saves us here, and prays above,
 That we with him may live.

2 Be everlasting praise
 To God the Spirit given,
 Who now attests us sons of grace,
 And seals us heirs of heaven.

4 Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,
 We'll sing the One and Three,
 With Father, Son, and Spirit fill'd
 To all Eternity.

HYMN XXXV. 7s.

1 **G**IVE we to the Lord above,
 Blessing, honour, praise, and love,
 To the God that loos'd our tongue
 Sing we an unwonted song.

2 He to us hath come unsought,
 Us hath out of darkness brought;
 Darkness such as devils feel,
 Issuing from the pit of hell.

3 Had he not in mercy spar'd,
 Hell had been our sure reward ;
 There we had receiv'd our hire,
 Fuel of eternal fire.

4 But we now extol his name,
Pluck'd as firebrands from the flame ;
Proofs of his unbounded grace,
Monuments of endless praise.

5 We are now in Jesus found,
With his praise let earth resound.
Tell it out through all her caves,
Jesu's name the sinner saves !

6 With his blood he hath us bought,
His we are, who once were not ;
Far as hell from heaven remov'd,
He hath call'd us his belov'd.

7 Sing we then with one accord,
Praises to our loving Lord,
Who the stone to flesh converts,
Let us give him all our hearts.

HYMN XXXVI. 7s.

1 EARTH, rejoice, the Lord is King !
Sons of men, his praises sing ;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns !

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven :
Every knee to him shall bow ;
Satan hear, and tremble now !

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine ;
All in Jesu's praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

4 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them :
God with us, we cannot fear ;
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here !

5 Lo ! to faith's enlighten'd sight,
All the mountain flames with light !
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

6 Our Messias is come down,
 Points us to the victor's crown,
 Bids us take our seats above,
 More than conqu'rors through his love.

HYMN XXXVI. 6 *lines 8's.*

1 **H**IGH praise to thee, all-gracious God,
 Unceasing praise to thee we pay :
 Naked and wallowing in our blood,
 Unpitied, loath'd of all we lay,
 Thou saw'st, and from the' eternal throne
 Gav'st us thy dear, thine only Son.

2 Through thy rich grace, in Jesu's blood,
 Blessing, redemption, life we find :
 Our souls wash'd in this cleansing flood,
 No stain of guilt remains behind.
 Who can thy mercy's stores express ?
 Unfathomable, numberless !

3 Now Christ in us doth live, and we,
 Father, through him with thee are one :
 The banner of his love we see,
 And fearless grasp the starry crown :
 Unutterable peace we feel
 In him, and joys unspeakable.

4 Fully the quick'ning Spirit impart,
 Thou who hast all our sins forgiven :
 O form the Saviour in my heart,
 Seal of thy love and pledge of heaven .
 For ever be his name imprest,
 Both on my hand and on my breast.

5 Thine is whate'er we are : Thy grace
 In Christ created us anew :
 To sing thy never-ceasing praise,
 Thine unexhausted love to show ;
 And arm'd with thy great Spirit's aid,
 Blameless in all thy paths to tread.

6 Yea, Father, ours through him thou art,
 For so is thine eternal will !

O live, move, reign, within my heart,
 My soul with all thy fulness fill :
 My heart, my all I yield to thee,
 Jesus, be all in all to me.

HYMN XXXVII. 8 lines 8s.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness with me :
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice :
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my Sun and my Song !
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?
 O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 O take me unto thee on high,
 Where winters and clouds are no more.

HYMN XXXVIII. C. M.

1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise ;
 All praise to him belongs ;
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs :
 Whose providence has brought us through
 Another gracious year ;
 We all with vows and anthems new,
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care,
 To thee, presenting through thy Son,
 Whate'er we have or are :
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love ;
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days and hours,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be ;
 And all our consecrated powers
 A sacrifice to thee :
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
 To saints on earth forgiven ;
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN XXXIX. *Trumpet Metre.*

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound :
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Hath full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
 The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption through his blood,
 Throughout the world proclaim :
 The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And bless'd in Jesus live :
 The year, &c.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love !
 The year, &c.

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face :
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN XL. *Sion.*

1 **T**HIS, this is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
 Whose love is as great as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN XLI. *Leoni.*

1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love.

JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !
 By earth and heaven confess'd :
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,
 For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise,—and seek the joys
 At his right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
 And Him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways :
 He calls a worm his friend ;
 He calls himself my God ;
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesu's blood !

4 He by himself hath sworn ;
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

PART II.

5 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand :
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At his command :
 The wat'ry deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view,
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd ;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest :
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness ;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side :
Arrays, in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride :
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.

PART III.

9 BEFORE the great Three-One,
They all exulting stand ;
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land :
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame ;
And sing, in songs that never end,
The wondrous Name.

10 The God who reigns on high,
The great Archangels sing,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty King !

Who was and is the same,
 And evermore shall be,
 Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
 We worship thee.

11 Before the Saviour's face,
 The ransom'd nations bow ;
 O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace
 For ever new :
 He shows his prints of love,
 They kindle to a flame,
 And sound through all the worlds above,
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high :
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry.
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
 (I join the heavenly lays,)
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN XLII. 8s & 6s.

1 **T**HOU God of harmony and love,
 Whose name transports the saints above,
 And lulls the ravish'd spheres ;
 On thee in feeble strains I call,
 And mix my humble voice with all
 The heavenly choristers.

2 O might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir
 Who chant thy praise above :
 Mix'd with the bright musician-band,
 May I a heavenly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love.

3 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
 While all the' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys !

What more than ecstasy, when all,
Struck to the golden pavement, fall
At Jesu's glorious voice !

4 Jesus ! the heaven of heavens he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss !
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear :
And silence speaks his praise.

5 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe, which dares not move
Before the great Three-One !
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne.

HYMN XLIII. S. M. *Corelli.*

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
Jehovah, on thy throne,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In will and nature One :
With all the sons of grace
We in thy worship join,
Plurality of Persons praise,
And Unity Divine.

2 The Father made of none,
We bow ourselves before,
And Christ his uncreated Son,
With equal zeal adore :
Transcending human thought,
Jehovah's Self is He,
Incomprehensibly begot,
From all eternity.

3 God, very God indeed,
The Holy Ghost, we know,
From Son and Father did proceed,
And life on man bestow :

With Son and Father 'Him
Alike we glorify,
Jehovah, the true God supreme
O'er all in earth and sky.

4 This glorious Trinity
We worship evermore ;
None less, or greater of the Three,
None after or afore :
The Persons Three are One ;
And who by faith embrace,
We soon on his triumphant throne
Shall see him face to face.

HYMN XLIV. 4-5s & 2-12s.

1 **T**HREE Persons there are
Their record who bear,
And Jehovah in heavenly places declare :
But in Father, and Son,
And Spirit made known,
The Witnesses Three are essentially One.

2 Full credence we give,
And exult to believe
What our reason in vain would aspire to conceive ;
Not *against* but *above*
Our reason we prove,
The Persons reveal'd in the essence of love.

3 The Father alone
Very God will we own,
Very God will we worship the Spirit and Son :
Each Person is He,
Whom believing we see,
And Jehovah adore in the wonderful Three.

4 No distinction we find
Of will or of mind,
In the Maker, Inspirer, and Friend o. mankind ;
But one God we proclaim
In nature and name
Indivisibly One, and for ever the same.

HYMN XLV. *Trumpet Metre.* 4-6s & 2-8s.

1 **W**ORSHIP and praise belong
 To God the Lord most high ;
 Who taught us the new song,
 His name we magnify :
 The Trinity in One we bless,
 The Unity in Three confess.

2 Thrice holy God, in whom
 We live and move, and are,
 To do thy will we come,
 Thy glory to declare ;
 By all our converse here to show,
 That God is manifest below.

3 Baptiz'd into thy name,
 Mysterious One in Three,
 Our souls and bodies claim
 A sacrifice to thee :
 We only live our faith to prove,
 The faith which works by humble love.

4 O that our light may shine,
 And all our lives express
 The character divine,
 The real holiness !
 Then, then receive us up to' adore
 The Triune God for evermore.

HYMN XLVI. 8 lines, 8s & 7s.

1 **F**OUNTAIN of divine compassion,
 Father of the ransom'd race,
 Christ, our Saviour and salvation,
 Spirit of consecrating grace :
 See us prostrated before thee,
 Co-essential Three in One ;
 Glorious God, our souls adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne.

2 While we in thy name assemble,
 Overshadow'd from above,
 Let us at thy presence tremble,
 Holy, Triune God of love !

Father, Son, and Spirit, bless us,
 Who the true Jehovah art ;
 Plentitude of God in Jesus,
 Enter every contrite heart.

3 Challenge now thine humble dwelling,
 O thou high and lofty One,
 Thy own Deity revealing,
 God in Persons Three come down ;
 Thou, the witnesses in heaven,
 Dost on earth thy record bear ;
 Show us here our sins forgiven,
 Show us all thy glory there.

HYMN XLVII. 8 *lines 7s.*

1 **T**RIUMPH, happy soul, to whom
 God the heavenly secret tells ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
 One in Three himself reveals !
 What from man thou could'st not know,
 Thou art truly taught of God,
 When He doth the faith bestow,
 Wash thee in thy Saviour's blood.

2 Fully certified thou art,
 By that sacred blood applied,
 He who dwells within thy heart,
 God, the great Jehovah died :
 Now, and not till now, thou know'st
 (Mystery learn'd by faith alone)
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 God in Persons Three is One.

3 God in Persons Three, appear
 God to every troubled breast ;
 Show thyself the Comforter,
 Be the weary sinner's rest :
 Stranger to our people's peace,
 Burthen'd with our sins we groan ;
 Come, that all our griefs may cease,
 Take possession of thy own.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Heal thy creature's misery ;
 Thee, the Pearl which Adam lost,
 Give us to recover Thee :
 Give us in pure love renew'd
 Higher by our fall to rise,
 Image of the Triune God,
 House of one who fills the skies.

HYMN XLVIII. *Irene.*

1 **H**AIL, co-essential Three,
 In mystic Unity !
 Father, Son, and Spirit, hail,
 God by heaven and earth ador'd,
 God incomprehensible,
 One supreme, Almighty Lord.

2 Thou sittest on the throne,
 Plurality in One :
 Saints behold thine open face,
 Bright, insufferably bright ;
 Angels tremble as they gaze
 Sink into a Sea of light !

3 Ah, when shall we increase
 Their heavenly ecstasies !
 Chant, like them, the Lord most high,
 Fall, like them who dare not move,
 Holy, holy, holy cry,
 Breathe the praise of silent love !

4 Come, Father, in the Son,
 And in the Spirit down,
 Glorious, Triune Majesty,
 God through endless ages blest,
 Make us meet thy face to see,
 Then receive us to thy breast.

HYMN XLIX. 8 lines 7s.

1 **T**RIUNE God of pard'ning love,
 Thy divine economy
 All our thankful hearts approve,
 Thee adore in Persons Three :

Each our cancel'd sin reveals,
 Each confirms the babes forgiven,
 Each the heirs of glory seals,
 Each conducts our souls to heaven.

2 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Favour'd with a taste of grace,
 Us Thou hast in part restor'd ;
 Us thy mercy's arms embrace :
 Never wilt Thou let us go,
 Till the length and breadth we prove,
 Till the height and depth we know,
 All the depth of humble love.

3 Love our real holiness,
 Love our spotless character :
 Love is liberty and peace,
 Pardon and Perfection here :
 Less than this cannot suffice ;
 Love be Thou our all in all ;
 Then we in thine image rise,
 Then we into nothing fall.

HYMN L. *Kingswood.*

1 **H**AVE not we redemption found,
 And righteousness through grace ?
 Let our houses then resound
 With our Redeemer's praise ;
 Let our souls to Him aspire,
 Who died that we might live forgiven ;
 Emulate the' angelic quire,
 And taste the joys of heaven.

2 Jesus' praises we proclaim,
 And daily pay our vows ;
 Consecrated through his name
 A church is in our house :
 Melody to Christ our King
 We make with joyful hearts sincere ;
 Angels listen while we sing,
 And God vouchsafes to hear.

3 God doth to our King attend,
 Who shouts amidst his own ;

Praises now through Christ ascend
 To that eternal throne ;
 When we there triumphant stand,
 And all our elder brethren meet,
 Hymning with that harping band,
 The concert is complete.

HYMN LI. 7s.

- 1 **G**OD of all-alluring grace,
 Thee through Jesus Christ we praise ;
 Father, in thy Spirit's power,
 Thee we for thy grace adore.
- 2 Sent in Jesu's mighty name,
 Grace with God from heaven came ;
 Grace on all mankind bestow'd,
 Grace, the life and power of God.
- 3 Us, whoe'er the gift receive,
 It enables to believe,
 Helps our souls' infirmity,
 Still to live and die with Thee.
- 4 In the means thou hast enjoin'd,
 All who seek the grace shall find ;
 In the prayer, the fast, the word,
 In the supper of their Lord.
- 5 Thus the saints of ancient days
 Waited, and obtain'd thy grace ;
 Drank the blood by Jesus shed,
 Daily on his body fed.
- 6 Thus the whole assembly join'd
 Jesus in the midst to find ;
 Prayer presenting to the skies,
 Morn and evening sacrifice.
- 7 Jointly praying, and apart,
 Each to Thee pour'd out his heart,
 Solemnly thy grace implor'd,
 Still continued in the word.
- 8 Search'd the Scriptures day and night,
 (All their comfort and delight

There to catch thy Spirit's power,)
Heard, and read, and liv'd them o'er.

9 Still to us they speak, though dead,
Bid us in their footsteps tread,
Bid us never dare remove
From the channels of thy love.

10 Never will we hence depart,
Till our all in all Thou art,
Till from outward means we fly,
Till we on thy bosom die.

HYMN LII. 7s.

1 **G**OD is goodness, wisdom, power;
Love him, praise him evermore;
Let us strive, and never cease,
Him in every thing to please.

2 Born for this intent we are,
Our Creator to declare,
God to love, and serve, and praise,
God to honour all our days.

3 Lift we then our hearts to God,
Like the church above employ'd;
Day and night the angels sing
Praises to their heavenly King.

4 Him that sitteth on the throne,
Him that died for man to' atone,
God, and the triumphant Lamb,
They eternally proclaim.

5 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth ador'd;
Fill'd with thee let all things cry,
Glory be to God most high.

PART THE FOURTH.

HYMNS OF PRAYER.

HYMN I. 8s & 7s. *Love Divine.*

1 **J**ESUS, God of our salvation,
 Give us eyes thyself to see,
 Waiting for the consolation,
 Longing to believe on thee :
 Now vouchsafe the sacred power,
 Now the faith divine impart ;
 Meet us in this solemn hour,
 Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Anna-like within the temple,
 Simeon-like we meekly stay,
 Daily with thy saints assemble,
 Nightly for thy coming pray :
 While our souls are bow'd before thee,
 While we humbly sue for grace,
 Come, thy people's light and glory,
 Show to all thy heavenly face.

HYMN II. 8s & 7s. *Love Divine.*

1 **J**ESUS, guard thy gather'd sheep,
 Who thy voice begin to know ;
 Day and night in safety keep,
 Help us after thee to go :
 Eyeing thee with fix'd regard,
 By thy word and Spirit led,

Walk we in the works prepar'd,
Close in all thy footsteps tread.

2 In thy pilgrimage with men,
(Objects of thy constant care,) Thou didst all our grief sustain,
Lab'ring, watching unto prayer : Thou whole nights in prayer didst spend,
On the mount for us employ'd,
Prompt the helpless to defend,
Prevalent with man and God.

3 By no private wants compell'd,
Only love inspir'd thy breast ;
Love, thy steady hands upheld,
Love enforc'd the kind request :
And shall we refuse to join,
We who all the good receive,
Reap the fruit of toil divine,
By the prayer of Jesus live ?

4 Nay, but in thy strength we rise,
Nightly to the mountain go,
Breathe our wishes to the skies,
For the sleeping crowd below :
Pray, my watchful brethren pray,
Full of wants, and sins, and fears ;
Wrestle till the break of day,
Till the saving grace appears.

5 Jesus, hear our midnight cry,
Execute thy love's design ;
Bring thy great salvation nigh,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine :
Take the purchase of thy blood,
(Blood that speaks our sins forgiven,) Let it bring us near to God,
Let it pray us up to heaven !

HYMN III. C. M.

1 **G**REAT God ! thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

2 Show my forgetful feet the way,
 That leads to joys on high,
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

HYMN IV. S. M.

1 **O** THROW away thy rod,
 O throw away thy wrath !
 My gracious Saviour and my God,
 O take the gentle path !

2 Thou seest my heart's desire
 Still unto thee is bent :
 Still does my longing soul aspire
 To an entire consent.

3 Not even a word or look
 Do I approve or own,
 But by the model of thy book,
 Thy sacred book alone.

4 Although I fail, I weep ;
 Although I halt in pace,
 Yet still with trembling steps I creep
 Unto the throne of grace.

5 O ! then let wrath remove,
 For love will do the deed !
 Love will the conquest gain ; with love
 Ev'n stony hearts will bleed.

HYMN IV.* 6 lines 8s.

1 **F**ATHER, on us the Spirit bestow,
 Through which thine everlasting Son
 Offer'd himself for man below ;
 That we, ev'n we before thy throne,
 Our souls and bodies may present,
 And pay thee all thy grace hath lent.

2 **O** let thy Spirit sanctify
 Whate'er to thee we now restore,
 And make us with thy will comply,
 With all our mind, and soul, and power ;
 Obey thee as thy saints above,
 In perfect innocence and love.

HYMN V. C. M.

1 **O** THAT I had the silver wings
 Of the mild holy Dove,
 To bear me far from earthly things,
 And every creature-love.

2 Then would I swiftly fly away
 To Christ, and be at rest ;
 On him my flutt'ring spirit stay,
 And hide me in his breast.

3 Jesu, my hiding-place, to thee
 I know not how to fly ;
 Long have I struggled to be free,
 Nor found deliverance nigh.

4 Full oft in fruitless, fond desire,
 I to the desert ran ;
 But could not from myself retire,
 Or 'scape the inner man.

5 I took the morning's wings, and fled
 For rest to worlds unknown ;
 Sin found me in the secret shade,
 And claim'd me for its own.

7 O who shall bid this self depart,
 This world of sin exclude ?
 Empty, and make my peaceful heart
 A holy solitude.

6 'Tis not the desert or the cell
 Can hide me from my pain ;
 I carry with me my own hell,
 While wrath and pride remain.

8 A vile, unworthy worm, my eyes
 I dare not lift to heaven ;
 Let him who sees me from the skies,
 Speak if I am forgiven.

HYMN VI. C. M.

1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light, to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But now I find an aching void,
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN VII. C. M.

1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim ;
 Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
 Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father God ! how sweet the sound !
 How tender, and how dear !
 Not all the harmony of heaven,
 Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart ;
 And show, that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.

4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe ;
 And, Abba, Father, humbly cry,
 Nor can the sign deceive.

HYMN VIII. 6 lines 7s. *Southwark Chapel.*

1 **W**EARY world, when will it end,
Destin'd to the purging fire ?
Fain I would to heaven ascend,
Thitherward I still aspire ;
Saviour, this is not my place,
Show me now thy lovely face !

2 **O** cut short thy work in me,
Make a speedy end of sin,
Set my heart at liberty,
Bring thy heavenly nature in ;
Seal me to redemption's day,
Bear my new-born soul away.

3 For this only thing I wait,
This for which I here was born ;
Raise me to my first estate,
Bid me to thine arms return ;
Let me to thine image rise,
Give me back my Paradise.

HYMN IX. L. M.

1 **O** JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy glorious face,
I seek redemption through thy blood.

2 Now in thy strength I strive with thee,
My Friend and Advocate with God ;
Give me the glorious liberty,
Grant me the purchase of thy blood.

3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive ;
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

4 Satan, with all his arts, no more
Me from the Gospel-hope can move ;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 Though nature gives my God the lie,
 I all his truth and grace shall know ;
 I shall, the helpless creature I
 Shall perfect holiness below.

6 My flesh, which cries, " It cannot be,"
 Shall silence keep before the Lord ;
 And earth, and hell, and sin, shall flee
 At Jesu's everlasting word.

HYMN X. C. M.

1 **T**O whom, but thee, thou bleeding Lamb,
 Should I for help apply ?
 While in the toils of death I am,
 And sin is always nigh.

2 But thou, my Lord, art nigher still,
 Throughout the fiery hour,
 To rescue me from my own will,
 Till I can sin no more.

3 O were thy sufferings on the tree
 Into my soul brought in ;
 O that thy death might work in me
 A perfect death to sin.

4 My only trust is in thy Blood,
 Which purges every stain ;
 Bring in, O Lord, the purer flood,
 Nor let me ask in vain.

5 In hope, believing against hope,
 Till then I look to thee ;
 I see the Saviour lifted up,
 For all mankind and me.

6 Determin'd nothing else to know
 But Jesus crucified ;
 I will not from my Jesus go,
 Or leave his wounded side.

7 The anchor of my steadfast hope
 Within the veil I cast ;
 Thy dying love shall hold me up,
 Till all the storms are past.

HYMN XI. 7s.

1 COME, divine Immanuel, come,
 Take possession of thy home ;
 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
 Stretch throughout the happy land.

2 Carry on thy victory,
 Spread thy rule from sea to sea,
 Re-convert the ransom'd race,
 Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

3 Take the purchase of thy blood,
 Bring us to a pardoning God !
 Give us eyes to see our day,
 Hearts the glorious truth to obey.

4 Ears to hear the Gospel-sound,
 Grace doth more than sin abound,
 " God appeas'd, and man forgiven,
 " Peace on earth, and joy in heaven."

5 O that every soul might be
 Suddenly subdued to thee !
 O that all in thee might know
 Everlasting life below.

6 Now thy mercy's wings expand,
 Stretch throughout the happy land ;
 Take possession of thy home,
 Come, divine Immanuel, come.

HYMN XII. *Calcutta, or Oliver's.*

1 COME, thou Conqu'ror of the nations,
 On thy great white horse appear :
 Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations,
 Signify thy kingdom near :
 True and faithful !
 'Stablish thy dominion here.'

2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory,
 Thine the ransom'd nations are ;
 Let the heathen fall before thee,
 Let the isles thy power declare ;
 Judge and conquer
 All mankind in righteous war.

3 Thee let all mankind admire,
 Object of our joy and dread :
 Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
 Many crowns upon thy head —
 But thine essence
 None, except thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
 By the Father's grace bestow'd,
 Meanly cloth'd in human nature,
 Thee we call the Word of God :
 Flesh thy vesture,
 Dipp'd in thy own sacred blood.

5 Captain, God of our Salvation,
 Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
 Borne the Almighty's indignation,
 Quench'd the fiercest wrath of God,
 Take the kingdom,
 Claim the purchase of thy blood.

6 On thy thigh and vesture written,
 Show the world thy heavenly name,
 That with loving wonder smitten,
 All may glorify the Lamb,
 All adore thee,
 All the Lord of lords proclaim.

7 Honour, glory, and salvation,
 To the Lord our God we give ;
 Power and endless adoration
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Reign triumphant,
 King of kings, for ever live !

HYMN XIII. L. M. D.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come ;
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 But swell my sails, and speed my way,
 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
 And loose my cable from below ;
 But I can only spread my sail,
 Thou, thou must breathe the' auspicious gale."

HYMN XIV. *Calcutta.*

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
 Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my help and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hells destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
 Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN XV. C. M.

1 **F**OUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll ;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us, weary sinners, take ;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word
For thy own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood ;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach that boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall,
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

HYMN XVI. 8s & 6s.

1 **H**APPY the men who Jesus know,
Who humbly walk with God below,
His secret voice attend ;
From all tumultuous passions free,
Their Guide invisible they see,
And commune with their Friend.

2 **O** that I thus on Christ reclin'd,
His quiet, meek, and even mind
Might with himself possess :
I want the faith allied to hope,
Which calmly to its Lord looks up,
And waits for perfect peace.

3 **J**esus, on me the power bestow
To work or rest, stand still or go,
As thy design I see :
Redeem'd from nature's hurrying strife,
I would not take one step in life
Without a beck from thee.

HYMN XVII. C. M.

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN XVIII. L. M.

1 **I**F, Lord, I have acceptance found
With thee, or favour in thy sight ;
With thine omnipotence surround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.

2 O may I hear his warning voice,
 And timely fly from danger near ;
 With reverence unto thee rejoice,
 And love thee with a filial fear.

3 Still hold my soul in second life,
 And suffer not my feet to slide ;
 Support me in the glorious strife,
 And comfort me on every side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase,
 Finish the work begun in me ;
 Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
 That stays, and waits, and hangs on thee.

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide,
 And bring me to the promis'd land ;
 Where righteousness and peace reside,
 And all submit to love's command.

6 A land, where milk and honey flow,
 And springs of pure delight arise ;
 Delights, which I shall shortly know !
 I shall regain my paradise.

7 I see it now from Pisgah's top,
 Pleasant, and beautiful, and good :
 In all the confidence of hope,
 I claim the purchase of thy blood.

HYMN XIX. L. M.

1 **W**ITNESS divine, the just and true,
 Jesus to us the promise seal ;
 Our haste of unbelief subdue,
 And bid our flutt'ring hearts be still.

2 That power which stopp'd the mid-day sun,
 Turn'd back the tide, and chain'd the sea,
 Be in our rapid spirits shown,
 And make us truly wait on thee.

3 Arrest our nature's headstrong course,
 (We would be poor, despis'd, forlorn,)
 Baffle our skill, unnerve our force,
 Our carnal confidence o'erturn.

4 Great Helper of the friendless thou,
 Thou strength'ner of the feeble knees,
 O let our souls before thee bow,
 And sink into a sweet distress.

5 We cannot see without thy light,
 Without thy light we would not see :
 We have no wisdom, help, or might ;
 But, Lord, our eyes are unto thee.

6 O let us not presume to take
 The matter out of thy great hand ;
 Who can the Rock of Ages shake ?
 The sure foundation still shall stand.

HYMN XX. L. M.

1 COME, O thou greater than our heart,
 And make thy faithful mercies known :
 The mind which was in thee impart,
 Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 Jesu, to whose supreme command
 All things in heaven, earth, hell, submit,
 Upon us lay thy mighty hand,
 And sin shall sink beneath thy feet.

3 O let us by thy cross abide,
 Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,
 The Lamb for sinners crucified,
 A world to save from endless woe.

4 Take us into thy people's rest,
 And we from our own works shall cease ;
 With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
 And keep our minds in perfect peace.

5 Lift up and fix our steadfast eye
 On thee, the Father's favourite Son,
 Thee, our great King, gone up on high,
 Firm on thine everlasting throne.

6 Though earth and hell thy rule oppose,
 The Lord is King, Messiah reigns !
 Till Satan, sin, and all thy foes,
 And death, the last of all, be slain.

7 Jesu, for this we calmly wait,
 O let our eyes behold thee near !
 Hasten to make our heaven complete,
 Appear, our glorious God, appear !

HYMN XXI. 6 *lines 8s.*

1 JESU, behold the wise from far,
 Led to thy cradle by a star,
 Bring gifts to thee, their God and King ;
 O guide us by thy light, that we
 The way may find, and still to thee
 Our hearts, our all for tribute bring.

2 Jesu, the poor, the spotless Lamb,
 Who to the temple humbly came,
 Duteous the legal rights to pay :
 O make our proud, our stubborn will,
 All thy wise, gracious laws fulfil,
 Whate'er rebellious nature say.

3 Jesu, who on the fatal wood,
 Pour'dst out thy life's last drop of blood,
 Nail'd to the' accursed shameful cross :
 O may we bless thy love, and be
 Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee
 All shame, all grief, all pain, all loss.

4 Jesu, who by thine own love slain,
 By thine own power took'st life again,
 And conqueror from the grave didst rise :
 O may thy death our souls revive,
 And ev'n on earth a new life give,
 A glorious life that never dies.

5 Jesu, who to thy heaven again
 Return'dst in triumph, there to reign
 Of men and angels sovereign King ;
 O may our parting souls take flight
 Up to that land of joy and light,
 And there for ever grateful sing.

6 All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,

All honour, power, and love, and praise :
Still may thy blessed name shine bright,
In beams of uncreated light,
Crown'd with its own eternal rays.

HYMN XXII. 6 *lines 8s.*

1 O GOD of gods, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to thee we sing :
To thee our longing souls aspire
In fervent flames of strong desire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring.

2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in thee :
All nature trembles at thy voice :
With awe ev'n we thy children prove
Thy power : O let us taste thy love ;
So evermore shall we rejoice.

3 O powerful Love, to thee we bow
Object of all our wishes thou,
(Our hearts are naked to thine eye,)
To thee, who from the' eternal throne
Cam'st, emptied of thy Godhead down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

4 Grace we implore ; when billows roll,
Grace is the anchor of the soul ;
Grace every sickness knows to heal :
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.

5 O Love, our stubborn wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd frame anew ;
Dispel our darkness by thy light ;
Into all truth our spirit guide,
But from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in thy sight.

6 Be heaven ev'n now our souls' abode,
 Hid be our life with Christ in God,
 Our spirit, Lord, be one with thine :
 Let all our works in thee be wrought,
 And fill'd with thee be all our thought,
 Till in us thy full likeness shine.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

1 **O** THOU, whom sinners love, whose care
 Doth all our sickness heal,
 Thee we approach with heart sincere,
 Thy power we joy to feel.
 To thee our humblest thanks we pay,
 To thee our souls we bow :
 Of hell erewhile the helpless prey,
 Heirs of thy glory now.

2 As incense to thy throne above,
 O let our prayers arise !
 O wing with flames of holy love
 Our living sacrifice.
 Stir up thy strength, O Lord of might,
 Our willing breasts inspire !
 Fill our whole souls with heavenly light,
 Melt with seraphic fire.

3 From thy bless'd wounds our life we draw ;
 Thine all-atoning blood
 Daily we drink with trembling awe :
 Thy flesh our daily food.
 Come, Lord, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 Here make thy likeness shine,
 Stamp thy whole image on our heart,
 And all our souls be thine.

HYMN XXIV. 6 lines 8s.

1 **R**EGARDLESS now of things below,
 Jesus, to thee my heart aspires,
 Determin'd thee alone to know,
 Author and end of my desires :
 Fill me with righteousness divine ;
 To end, as to begin, is thine.

2 What is a worthless worm to thee ?

What is in man thy grace to move ?

That still thou seekest those who flee

The arms of thy pursuing love ?

That still thine inmost bowels cry,

Why sinner, wilt thou perish, why ?

3 Ah, show me, Lord, my depth of sin ;

Ah, Lord, thy depth of mercy show ;

End, Jesus, end this war within :

No rest my spirit e'er shall know,

Till thou the quick'ning influence give ;

Breathe, Lord, and these dry bones shall live.

4 There, there before the throne thou art,

The Lamb ere earth's foundation slain !

Take thou, O take this guilty heart ;

Thy blood will wash out every stain :

No cross, no sufferings I decline ;

Only let all my heart be thine.

HYMN XXV. 7s.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,

Still supply my every want :

Tree of life, thy influence shed,

With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,

Wither without thee and die,

Weak as helpless infancy ;

O confirm my soul in thee.

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall ;

Send the help for which I call :

Weaker than a bruised reed,

Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend ;

Love me, save me to the end ;

Give me thy continuing grace,

Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN XXVI.

1 **F**AATHER, full of soft compassion,
 If to all thy bowels move,
 Grant to me the consolation,
 Sweet assurance of thy love,
 Shed it in my heart abroad,
 Show thyself a pard'ning God.

2 For thy nature's sake forgive me,
 God in Jesus reconcil'd,
 A poor prodigal, receive me
 As thine own adopted child,
 In thy mercy's arms embrace,
 Kiss the sorrow from my face.

3 Though my sins reach up to heaven,
 Higher still thy mercies rise :
 Infinite my sins forgiven ;
 How shall I thy goodness prize !
 Let me all thy goodness prove,
 Let me infinitely love.

HYMN XXVII.

1 **T**HY divinity's adorer,
 Thee that I may truly know,
 Jesus, be my soul's restorer,
 Bleeding Lamb, appear below,
 God expiring on the tree,
 Love, be manifest in me.

2 Sharer of thy dereliction,
 Joining in thy plaintive cry,
 Pain'd with thy extreme affliction,
 Let my broken heart reply,
 O let all within me moan,
 Echo back thy dying groan !

3 Here would I maintain my station,
 Never from the cross remove,
 Till I in my last temptation
 Pay thee back thy dearest love,
 Faint into thy arms away,
 Die into immortal day.

†

HYMN XXVIII. 6 *lines 7s.*

1 **K**INDLER of seraphic fire,
 Glowing in thy hosts above,
 Giver of the pure desire,
 Spirit of celestial love,
 Heavenly love to us impart,
 Comfort every drooping heart.

2 If thou hast a token given,
 If our want of love we feel,
 Bless us with that taste of heaven,
 Pardon on our conscience seal :
 Then with cordial charity,
 Gracious God, we cleave to thee.

3 Then, because thou first hast lov'd,
 We shall love our God again ;
 Happy, till from earth remov'd,
 Joy consummate we obtain,
 Dazzled with the glorious sight,
 Lost in an abyss of light.

HYMN XXIX. 6 *lines 7s.*

1 **T**RIUNE God, the new Creator
 Of our fallen souls appear ;
 O communicate thy nature,
 Raise us to thy image here ;
 In true holiness renew'd,
 Spotless portraiture of God.

2 By a blest anticipation
 Of thy perfect righteousness,
 Qualify us for salvation,
 Vessels of celestial grace,
 Meet by love and purity,
 God without a veil to see.

3 Then cut short our days of mourning,
 Then our ready souls receive,
 Call us up with songs returning,
 In thy blissful sight to live ;
 Live, and praise thee on the throne,
 God in Three for ever One.

HYMN XXX. L. M.

1 **G**REAT Triune God, whose ruling power
 Must prevalent o'er all appear,
 Hasten the destin'd day and hour,
 Establishing thy kingdom here :
 Sublime on thy millennial throne,
 Thee all thy saints expect to see,
 While every tongue, like ours, shall own
 Jehovah One in Persons Three.

2 Stretch out thine arm, Almighty King,
 Thine own omnipotence assume :
 The first and last dominion bring,
 To reign before thy ancients, come :
 O might we at the time foretold,
 See all things to thyself subdued,
 And every prostrate soul behold
 Adorers of the Triune God.

3 In answer to the chosen race,
 Who ceaseless for thy coming cry,
 Shorten the last vindictive days,
 And let the trump proclaim thee nigh :
 Return, thou once a man of woe,
 Distinguish'd by the crimson sign,
 And in thy dazzling person show
 The glorious plenitude divine.

4 That wand'ring star who blaz'd and fell,
 And poison'd many a crystal stream,
 That bitter first-born child of hell,
 No more permit him to blaspheme :
 Root out thine Unitarian foe,
 Nor longer let his place be found,
 The crescent by the cross o'erthrew,
 And loose the world in darkness bound.

5 It must be so : the day is near,
 The far-spent night will quickly end,
 And every eye discern thee here,
 And saints perceive their King descend :

When all are put beneath thy feet,
 And death the latest foe is slain,
 Then I shall mount thy azure seat,
 Then I shall in thy presence reign.

HYMN XXXI. 8s & 6s.

1 **C**OME, Son of Abraham and of God,
C The Saviour on the world bestow'd,
 To ransom and to bless :
 And let our souls, possess'd of thee,
 The true complete felicity,
 The sov'reign good possess.

2 **T**hy faithful word and oath we plead :
O show thyself the promis'd Seed,
 The all-redeeming Lord :
 And let us in thy favour find,
 And in thy purity of mind,
 Our Paradise restor'd.

3 **I**n this thrice acceptable hour,
O exercise thy pard'ning power,
 Our curse and sin remove ;
 Admit us to the Gospel-feast,
 And give our new-born souls to taste
 The blessedness of love.

4 **I**n peace incomprehensible
 Pardon on our conscience seal,
 In joy and love unknown :
 O'erwhelm us with the blissful sight,
 Which sinks the first-born sons of light
 In silence round thy throne.

HYMN XXXII. 6 lines 8s.

1 **J**ESUS, display thy presence here,
J Celestial architect divine,
 To raise our fallen souls appear,
 To consecrate thy human shrine,
 A temple for the Deity,
 A mansion not unworthy thee.

2 Thy hands must the foundation lay,
 Thy hands the fabric must complete :
 O come, and take our sins away,
 Forgive us, trembling at thy feet ;
 Assure our hearts of sin forgiven,
 And build thy temples up to heaven.

3 Who seek redemption in thy blood,
 O let us there our pardon find,
 With all the character of God,
 With all thy meek and lowly mind,
 (To fit us for our place above,)
 With all thy purity of love.

4 Accomplish thy redeeming plan,
 By thine Almighty's Spirit's power ;
 Conduct us to a perfect man,
 And at our last triumphant hour
 Remove into thy blissful sight,
 And fill our souls with glorious light.

HYMN XXXIII. *Kingswood, or Josiah.*

1 FATHER, Son, and Spirit, come,
 And with thine own abide ;
 Holy God, to make thee room,
 Our hearts we open wide :
 Thee, and only thee request,
 To every asking sinner given ;
 Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
 Our all in earth and heaven.

2 Born again that thee we may
 In spirit and truth adore ;
 Come, and in thy temples stay,
 And never leave us more :
 Thee our faithful souls desire
 Because we know thee now in part,
 Nothing less can we require,
 Than all thou hast and art.

3 With resign'd simplicity
 And patient earnestness,

Thee we seek : not thine, but thee
 We languish to possess :
 Come, and bring thy nature in,
 And let thy love unrivall'd reign !
 Grace we then, and glory win,
 And all in Jesus gain.

HYMN XXXIV. 7s.

- 1 **P**RINCE of everlasting peace,
 Us thy meanest servants bless,
 Source of unanimity,
 Make us one through faith in thee.
- 2 By the virtue of thy blood
 Men are reconcil'd to God ;
 Reconcil'd through thee alone,
 Men are with each other one.
- 3 Pardon then to us impart,
 Sprinkle every waiting heart,
 To the head and members join,
 Cemented by blood divine.
- 4 Added to thy lambs and sheep,
 Us within thy bosom keep,
 In the purity of peace,
 In the bond of perfectness.
- 5 By the Spirit of thy love
 Re-begotten from above,
 Heavenward let our souls ascend,
 Seek the joys that never end.
- 6 Be thyself our whole desire,
 Till we reach the raptur'd quire,
 There, with all thy family,
 Gaze, for ever gaze on thee.

HYMN XXXV. L. M.

- 1 **H**HEAD of the church, appear, appear,
 Assembled with thy members here,
 Who in thy name and Spirit meet,
 And tremble at thy wounded feet.

2 O'ercome, o'erwhelm'd with mercy's power,
We meekly wonder and adore ;
With silent awe thy goodness prove,
Or triumph in thy dying love.

3 Whene'er thou dost thy love reveal,
Unutterable bliss we feel ;
We feel the virtue of thy name,
In holy fear and humble shame.

4 Constrain'd by pure delight, we own
The everlasting life begun,
Glory anticipate in grace,
And heaven in thy smiling face.

HYMN XXXVI. 6 lines 8s.

AT THE BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

1 **G**OD of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promis'd aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve,
The child baptiz'd into thy name
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give her all thine image back.

2 Born in the dregs of sin and time,
These darkest, last, apostate days ;
Burthen'd with Adam's curse and crime,
Thou in thy mercy's arms embrace ;
And wash out all her guilty load,
And quench the brand in Jesu's blood.

3 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus did the right enjoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign ;
The seed of endless life impart,
Seize for thy own our infant's heart.

4 Answer on her thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good,
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestow'd,

Now to this favour'd babe be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 In presence of thy heavenly host,
Thyself we faithfully require ;
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
By blood, by water, and by fire,
And fill up all thy human shrine,
And seal our souls for ever thine.

HYMN XXXVII. L. M.

1 **A**UTHOR and End of my desires,
From whom my every blessing flow'd,
I *would* whate'er thy will requires ;
Whate'er thy will requires is good.

2 I would (but thou must give the power)
From all beside my will avert,
Nor ever grieve thy goodness more,
Nor ever follow my own heart.

3 Spring of all good thy will I own,
The fountain of all evil mine ;
Father, let mine no more be done,
Let all obey the will divine.

4 Father, for Jesu's sake alone,
Thine all-sufficient grace impart,
Save us in honour of thy Son,
And God-ward turn the selfish heart.

5 So shall we every moment feel,
(When thou the Holy Ghost hast given,)
To do our cursed will, is hell ;
To do thy blessed will, is heaven.

PART THE FIFTH.

*HYMNS ON THE GOODNESS OF
GOD.*

HYMN I. L. M.

1 **N**OW let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love:
Look back and hear his dying cries,
Then mount, and see his throne above.

2 See where he hangs on yonder cross ;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died :
See where he sits to plead my cause,
By his Almighty Father's side.

3 If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns ;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

4 Or if I climb the' eternal hills,
Where the great Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorial of his wound.

5 How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God !
Lord, here I banish every foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

6 I hold no more commerce with hell,
 My dearest lusts shall all depart ;
 But let thine image ever dwell,
 Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

HYMN II. C. M.

1 **T**HREE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy thoughts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes !

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN III. C. M.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;

Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN IV. L. M.

1 **M**Y rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road,
That leads to heaven, that leads to God.

2 I thirst to drink unmixed love
From the pure Fountain-head above :
My gracious Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :
Art thou withdrawn ? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

HYMN V. C. M.

1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

6 I hold no more commerce with hell,
 My dearest lusts shall all depart ;
 But let thine image ever dwell,
 Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

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 Where saints immortal reign ;
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 This heavenly land from ours.

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 Stand dress'd in living green ;
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 To cross this narrow sea,
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That leads to heaven, that leads to God.

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Emptied of sin, and full of thee.

3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn :
Art thou withdrawn ? again return,
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

HYMN V. C. M.

1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod ?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

5 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?

6 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

7 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN VI. C. M.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

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HYMN VII. 6 *lines 7s.*

1 **G**RACIOUS soul, to whom are given
 Holy hungerings after heaven,
 Restless breathings, earnest moans,
 Deep unutterable groans,
 Agonies of strong desire,
 Love's suppress'd, unconscious fire.

2 Turn again to God thy rest,
 Jesus hath pronounc'd thee blest ;
 Humbly to thy Jesus turn,
 Comforter of all that mourn :
 Happy mourner, hear and see,
 Claim the promise made to thee.

3 Lift to him thy weeping eye,
 Heaven behind the cloud descry ;
 If with Christ thou suffer here,
 When his glory shall appear,
 Christ his suffering child shall own,
 Thine the cross, and thine the crown.

4 What if here awhile thou grieve,
 God shall endless comfort give :
 Sorrow may a night endure,
 Joy returns as day-light sure ;
 Praise shall then thy life employ ;—
 Sow in tears, and reap in joy.

5 Doth thy Lord prolong his stay ?
 Mercy wills the kind delay :
 Hides he still his lovely face ?
 Lo ! he waits to show his grace :
 Seems he absent from thy heart ?
 'Tis that he may ne'er depart.

HYMN VIII. PART I. s. m.

1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands :
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

2 **T**hou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on :
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done :
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

3 **T**hine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove ;
 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
 Thou dost, O King of kings :
 What thine unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy power to being brings.

4 **T**hou every where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might ;
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light.
 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand ?
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st ;
 Who, who shall stay thy hand ?

HYMN IX. PART II. s. m.

1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd,
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
 God shall lift up thy head ;

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears the way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not ?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose and to command ;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand !
Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee :
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN X. L. M.

1 ETERNAL depth of love divine
In Jesus God with us display'd,
How bright thy beaming glories shine,
How wide thy healing streams are spread.

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell,
Sinners a vile and thankless race ;
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace.

3 The dictates of thy sov'reign will
 With joy our grateful hearts receive :
 All thy delight in us fulfil :
 Lo ! all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
 Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign ;
 O fix thy sacred presence there,
 And seal the' abode for ever thine.

5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
 Our short desire surpasses far !
 Yea, ev'n our crimes, though numberless,
 Less num'rous than thy mercies are.

6 Still on thee, Father, may we rest ;
 Still may we pant thy Son to know ;
 Thy Spirit breathe into our breast,
 Fountain of peace and joy below.

7 Oft have we seen thy mighty power,
 Since from the world thou mad'st us free,
 Still may we praise thee more and more,
 Our hearts more firmly knit to thee.

8 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
 And arm our souls with heavenly zeal ;
 So fearless shall we urge our way,
 Through all the powers of earth and hell.

HYMN XI. S. M.

1 **A** WAY my needless fears,
 And doubts no longer mine,
 A ray of heavenly light appears,
 A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my troubled breast ;
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
 And suits the will divine ;
 By earth and hell in vain withstood,
 I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
 To frustrate his decree,
 They cannot keep a blessing back,
 By Heaven design'd for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
 But in his pleasure rest,
 Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
 Engage to make me blest.

6 To' accomplish his design
 The creatures all agree,
 And all the attributes divine
 Are now at work for me.

HYMN XII. S. M.

FOR THE SABBATH.

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise,
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear Lord hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sov'reign die ;
 Would he devote that sacred head,
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groan'd upon the tree ;
 Amazing pity, grace unknown,
 And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's, sin.

HYMN XIV. C. M.

1 **T**HREE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

HYMN XV. L. M.

1 **O** THOU, by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide,
 My God, how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove
 To souls impress'd with sacred love :
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
 In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place, nor time ;
 My country is in every clime ;

I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot :
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

5 My country, Lord, thou art alone,
Nor other can I claim or own ;
The point where all my wishes meet,
My law, my love, life's only sweet.

6 I hold by nothing here below,
Appoint my journey, and I go :
Though pierc'd by scorn, oppress'd by pride ;
I feel the good, feel nought beside.

7 No powers of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love ;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

8 Ah then to his embrace repair ;
My soul, thou art no stranger there :
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

HYMN XVI 8 lines 8s. *Sion.*

1 **O** WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,
Return to the Sion above,
The mother of spirits distress'd :
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more ;
But saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore.

2 Not all the archangels can tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleas'd to reveal
The light of his heavenly face ;

†

When caught in the rapturous flaine ;
 The sight beatific they prove ;
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Who then upon earth can conceive
 The bliss that in heaven they share :
 Who then this dark world would not leave,
 And cheerfully die to be there !
 O Saviour, regard our complaints,
 Array'd in thy Majesty come,
 Fulfil the desires of thy saints,
 And suddenly gather us home.

4 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer,
 We groan thy appearing to see,
 Resign'd to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with thee ;
 'Tis good at thy word to be here,
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in thy throne.

5 To mourn for thy coming is sweet,
 To weep at thy longer delay ;
 But thou whom we hasten to meet,
 Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
 The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
 When thee we behold in the clouds,
 And echo the joys of the skies,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

6 Come then to thy languishing bride,
 Who went to prepare her a place,
 Receive us, with thee to abide,
 And rest in thy mercy's embrace.
 Our heaven of heavens be this,
 Thy fulness of mercy to prove,
 Implung'd in the glorious abyss,
 And lost in the ocean of love.

HYMN XVII. 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely, fair,
Ev'n on earth thy temples are ;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes,
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known :
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ,
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

HYMN XVIII. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, my King, to thee I bow,
Enlisted under thy command :
Captain of my salvation, thou
Shalt lead me to the promis'd land.
- 2 Thou hast a great deliv'rance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke,
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the' Egyptian yoke.
- 3 Thine out-stretch'd arm was bar'd for me,
For me, by earth and hell pursued :
Thine out-stretch'd arm through the Red Sea
Brought, and baptiz'd me in thy blood.
- 4 My Lord in my behalf appears :
Captain, thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.
- 5 Who can before my Captain stand ?
Who is so great a King as mine ?
High over all is thy right hand,
And might and majesty are thine.

HYMN XIX. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, my soul takes hold on thee,
I arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Humbly assur'd of victory,
I underneath thy banner fight.
- 2 Thy Spirit lifts the standard up,
When as a flood the foe comes in ;
I see the cross, hold fast my hope,
Believe, and more than conquer sin.
- 3 Having done all, by faith I stand,
And give the praise, O Lord, to thee ;
Thine holy arm, thine own right hand,
Hath got thyself the victory.
- 4 Wherefore to thee my soul I raise,
My soul in thee securely boasts ;
Exults and glories in thy praise,
And triumphs in the Lord of hosts.
- 5 Wisdom, and power, and strength, and might,
Thou, Lord, art worthy to receive ;
Honour and riches are thy right,
And blessings more than earth can give.
- 6 Help us to praise our glorious King,
Ye church of the first-born above ;
Let angels and archangels sing
The triumphs of all-conquering love.
- 7 Let earth and all her fulness still
Rejoice his greatness to proclaim ;
And everlasting praises fill
The heaven of heavens with Jesu's name.

HYMN XX. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN first thy gracious eye's survey,
Ev'n in the midst of youth and night,
Mark'd me, where sunk in sin I lay,
I felt a strange, unknown delight.
- 2 My soul, as all at once renew'd,
Own'd the divine Physician's art,
So swift the healing look bedew'd,
Embalm'd, o'er-ran, and fill'd my heart.

3 Since then I many a bitter storm
 Have felt, and feeling sure had died,
 Had the malicious fatal harm
 Roll'd on its unmolested tide :

4 But working still, within my soul,
 Thy sweet original joy remain'd,
 Thy love did all my griefs control,
 Thy love the victory more than gain'd.

5 If the first glance but open'd now,
 And now seal'd up, so powerful prove,
 What wondrous transports shall we know
 When glorying in thy full-ey'd love ?

6 When thou shalt look us out of pain,
 And raise us to thy blissful sight,
 With open face strong to sustain
 The blaze of thy unclouded light !

HYMN XXI. L. M.

1 JESU, to thee my heart I bow,
 Strange flames far from my soul remove ;
 Fairest among ten thousand thou,
 Be thou my Lord, my life, my love.

2 All heaven thou fill'st with pure desire ;
 O shine upon my frozen breast ;
 With sacred warmth my heart inspire,
 May I too thy hid sweetness taste.

3 I see thy garments roll'd in blood,
 Thy streaming head, thy hands, thy side,
 All hail, thou suff'ring, conqu'ring God !
 Now man shall live, for God hath died.

4 O kill in me this rebel sin,
 And triumph o'er my willing breast ;
 Restore thy image, Lord, therein,
 And lead me to my Father's rest.

5 Ye earthly loves, be far away :
 Saviour, be thou my love alone ;
 No more may mine usurp the sway,
 But in me thy great will be done.

6 Yea, thou true witness, spotless Lamb,
 All things for thee I count but loss ;
 My sole desire, my constant aim,
 My only glory be thy cross.

HYMN XXII. s. M.

1 **I**S it a thing so small,
 So easy to comply,
 When summon'd by the sudden call,
 To get me up and die ?

2 For those who humbly keep
 The faith by Christ bestow'd,
 To die is but to fall asleep
 In the soft arms of God.

3 O could I thus sink down
 To everlasting rest,
 Without a ling'ring sigh or groan,
 On my Redeemer's breast !

4 Jesus, thy blood apply,
 Thy mind and Spirit give ;
 Then shall I get me up and die,
 Then shall I truly live.

HYMN XXII.* *Old Derby Metre.*

1 **O**GOD of all grace,
 Thy bounty we praise,
 And joyfully sing,
 Poor beggars admitted to feast with a King.

2 The honour we claim,
 In Jesus's name,
 Ev'n now we receive,
 And happy in Jesus's presence we live.

3 In his pardoning grace,
 We all things possess,
 And richly enjoy
 A fulness of pleasure that never can cloy.

4 Thee, Saviour, to know,
 Is heaven below ;

Thy witnesses we,
That heaven is found in the knowledge of thee.

5 Thee, Jesus, we taste,
But, O ! let it last,
This sense of thy love,
Till with all the assembly we banquet above.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light :
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food :
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XXIV. 4-6s & 2-8s.

1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise ;
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground ;
 No fruits of holiness
 On our dead souls were found ;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down ;
 The pity of our Lord
 Cried, " Let it still alone ; "
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace ;
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space ;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo ! we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up the fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound :
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN XXV. L. M.

1 **B**ROTHER in Christ, and well-belov'd,
 To Jesus and his servants dear,
 Enter, and show thyself approv'd ;
 Enter, and find that God is here.

2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from sin,
 By fiends pursued, by men abhorr'd,
 Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
 And share the portion of thy Lord.

3 Welcome from earth,—lo, the right hand
 Of fellowship to thee we give !
 With open hearts and hands we stand,
 And thee in Jesu's name receive.

4 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours ?
 Then let it burn with sacred love ;
 Then let it taste the heavenly powers ;
 Partaker of the joys above.

5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal !
 Are we not met in thy great name ?
 Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
 We wait to catch the spreading flame.

6 Thou, God, that answerest by fire,
 The Spirit of burning now impart ;
 And let the flames of pure desire
 Rise from the altar of our heart.

7 Truly our fellowship below
 With thee and with the Father is :
 In thee eternal life we know,
 And heaven's unutterable bliss.

8 In part we only know thee here,
 But wait thy coming from above ;
 And I shall then behold thee near,
 And I shall all be lost in love.

HYMN XXVI. L. M.

1 **G**OD was in Christ, the' eternal Sire,
 Reveal'd in his eternal Son ;
 Jehovah did on earth expire,
 For every soul of man to' atone :
 The one Almighty God supreme,
 Jehovah, lavish of his blood,
 Pour'd out the' inestimable stream,
 And reconcil'd the world to God.

2 The one, true, only God most high,
 Agent at once and patient was ;
 As Man, he did for sinners die ;
 As God, redeem'd us by his cross :
 Jesus the general debt hath paid,
 God in the person of the Son,
 Amends to God the Father made,
 For Son and Father are but one.

3 Father, in Jesus reconcil'd,
 My Father if through him thou art,
 Acknowledge thine unconscious child,
 And hear his Spirit in my heart :
 One of the dear distinguish'd race,
 For whom thou cam'st in Christ from heaven,
 I languish for thy Gospel-grace,
 I long to know my sins forgiven.

4 Thy Godhead whole was in the Son,
 When Jesus pray'd, and gasp'd, and died :
 The precious ransom was laid down ;
 'Tis finish'd ! I am justified !
 The Spirit of faith applies the word,
 And cries thy new-born child to thee,
 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 One glorious God in Persons Three.

HYMN XXVII. *Head of the Church, &c.*

1 FATHER, to thy protection,
 From fiends and men I fly,
 And rest in thy affection,
 When passion's storm runs high :
 Beneath my soul, defended
 From all invading harms,
 Thy mercy hath extended
 Its everlasting arms.

2 Jesus, Jehovah's power,
 Thy promis'd help I claim,
 And run into the tower
 Of thine almighty Name :
 Impregnable the city
 Which hides my life above ;
 My refuge is thy pity,
 My safety is thy love.

3 Spirit of consolation,
 And all-sufficient grace,
 In every strong temptation
 Thou shalt a standard raise

Against my foe infernal ;
 And show me on the tree
 The dying God eternal,
 Whose blood hath ransom'd me.

4 By faith I now inherit
 Both strength and righteousness,
 In Father, Son, and Spirit,
 The God whom I confess :
 Whate'er I ask, desiring,
 I have ; I surely have,
 The Three in One conspiring
 This dear-bought soul to save.

HYMN XXVIII. C. M.

1 **D**ELIGHT, and softest sympathy,
 My faithful heart divide,
 When I behold the shameful tree
 Where my Beloved died !
 I look on him whose blood redeems,
 And bears me up to God ;
 I look,—and while the fountain streams,
 My tears increase the flood.

2 I want to pour a sea of tears,
 With blessed grief to mourn,
 In view of him, whose form appears
 By my offences torn :
 My sins have done the' atrocious deed,
 Have caus'd the killing smart,
 And pierc'd his soul, and made him bleed
 The balm that breaks my heart.

3 His precious blood both wounds and heals,
 (When faith the balm applies,)
 My peace restores, my pardon seals,
 My nature sanctifies ;
 His precious blood the life inspires
 Which angels live above,
 And fills my infinite desires,
 And turns me all to love.

HYMN XXIX.

L. M.

1 **S**AVIOUR from sin, from death, from hell,
Thee, Jesus Christ, with joy we own,
The Man who lov'd our souls so well,
The Father's everlasting Son.

2 Thou for our sake a man wast made,
The burthen of a virgin's womb,
Didst live and suffer in our stead,
And rise triumphant from the tomb.

3 What hath thy death for sinners gain'd ?
What hath thy life to sinners given ?
For every soul of man obtain'd ?
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 Soon as our broken hearts repent,
Soon as I do in thee believe,
The power into my soul is sent,
And then my pardon I receive.

HYMN XXX. *Kingswood, or Josiah.*

1 **W**HERE shall true believers go,
When from the flesh they fly ?
Glorious joys ordain'd to know,
They mount above the sky,
To that bright celestial place ;
There they shall in raptures live,
More than tongue can e'er express,
Or heart can e'er conceive.

2 When they once are enter'd there,
Their mourning days are o'er,
Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
And sighing is no more ;
Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun.

3 But their greatest happiness,
Their highest joy shall be,
God their Saviour to possess,
To know, and love, and see !

With that beatific sight
 Glorious ecstasy is given,
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes a heaven of heaven.

4 Him beholding face to face,
 To him they glory give,
 Bless his name, and sing his praise,
 As long as God shall live.
 While eternal ages roll,
 Thus employ'd in heaven they are :
 Lord, receive my happy soul
 With all thy servants there !

PART THE SIXTH.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

HYMN I. s. m.

- 1 **T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 **A**ngel of Gospel-grace !
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 **T**hroughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 **O**ur fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people reign
The manna of thy love.

HYMN II. l. m.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN III. 7s & 6s.

- 1 **R**OCK of Israel, cleft for me,
 For us, for all mankind ;
 See, thy feeblest followers, see,
 Who call thy death to mind ;
 Sion is the very land ;
 Us beneath thy shade receive,
 Grant us in the cleft to stand,
 And by thy dying live.
- 2 In this howling wilderness
 On Calvary's steep top,
 Made a curse our souls to bless,
 Thou once was lifted up :
 Stricken there by Moses' rod,
 Wounded with a deadly blow,
 Gushing streams of life o'erflow'd,
 The thirsty world below.
- 3 Rivers of salvation still
 Along the desert roll,
 Rivers to refresh and heal
 The fainting, sinking soul :
 Still the fountain of thy blood
 Stands for sinners open'd wide :
 Now, ev'n now, my Lord and God,
 I wash me in thy side.
- 4 Now, ev'n now we all plunge in,
 And drink the purple wave ;
 This the antidote of sin,
 'Tis this our souls shall save :
 With the life of Jesus fed,
 Lo ! from strength to strength we rise,
 Follow'd by our Rock, and led
 To meet Him in the skies.

HYMN IV. 8 lines, 7s & 6s.

1 **C**HRIST, ev'n now by faith we see,
Before our eyes he stands !
On the suff'ring Deity,
We lay our trembling hands :
Lay our sins upon his head,
Wait on the dread sacrifice,
Feel the gracious victim bleed,
And die while Jesus dies !

2 Sinners, see, he dies for all,
And feel his mortal wound ;
Prostrate on your faces fall,
And kiss the hallow'd ground ;
Hallow'd by the streaming blood,
Blood, whose virtue all may know,
Sharers with the dying God,
And crucified below.

3 Sprinkled with the blood we lie,
And bless its cleansing power :
Crying in the Spirit's cry,
Our Saviour we adore !
Jesu, Lord, whose cross we bear,
Let thy death our sins destroy,
Make us who thy sorrows share,
Partakers of thy joy.

HYMN V. 7s.

1 **J**ESUS, plant thy Spirit in me,
Then the fruit shall show the tree,
Every grace its Author prove,
Rising from the root of love.

2 Joy shall then my heart o'erflow,
Peace which only saints can know ;
Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin ;
Joy, the taste of heaven within.

3 Gentle then to all, and kind
To the wicked and the blind,

Full of tenderness and care,
I shall every burthen bear :

4 Glad the general servant be,
Serve with strict fidelity,
Life itself for them deny,
Meekly in their service die.

HYMN VI. 6 lines 8s.

1 ENTER'D on the vast wilderness,
Jesus, thy helpless people see,
With comfort and protection bless
Thy Gospel-church redeem'd by thee,
A cloud by day, a fire by night,
Defend us with thy heavenly light.

2 Take not the sacred signs away,
The tokens of thy guardian power :
Preserv'd by night, refresh'd by day,
Baptiz'd in many a gracious shower,
Cover us with thy cloudy shrine,
And in thy fiery column shine.

3 To all believers visible,
Who in thy pard'ning love confide,
With us thou promisest to dwell,
And to that pleasant country guide,
Where Israel finds, of thee possest,
The land of everlasting rest.

HYMN VII. L. M.

1 SILENCE, ye unbelieving fears,
Who clamorously deny the word !
The promise on our side appears,
The power and goodness of our Lord :

2 Let us go up in Jesu's name ;
Our sins shall all to Christ submit,
And who for us the world o'ercame,
Shall bruise the fiend beneath our feet.

3 Is any thing too hard for God ?
Through Jesus we can all things do ;

PART THE SIXTH.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

HYMN I. S. M.

1 **T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Angel of Gospel-grace !
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

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With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people reign
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Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
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 Us beneath thy shade receive,
 Grant us in the cleft to stand,
 And by thy dying live.
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 Stricken there by Moses' rod,
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 With the life of Jesus fed,
 Lo ! from strength to strength we rise,
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 To meet Him in the skies.

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Partakers of thy joy.

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Cover us with thy cloudy shrine,
And in thy fiery column shine.

3 To all believers visible,
Who in thy pard'ning love confide,
With us thou promisest to dwell,
And to that pleasant country guide,
Where Israel finds, of thee possesst,
The land of everlasting rest.

HYMN VII. L. M.

1 SILENCE, ye unbelieving fears,
Who clamorously deny the word !
The promise on our side appears,
The power and goodness of our Lord :

2 Let us go up in Jesu's name ;
Our sins shall all to Christ submit,
And who for us the world o'ercame,
Shall bruise the fiend beneath our feet.

3 Is any thing too hard for God ?
Through Jesus we can all things do ;

Who Satan and his works destroy'd,
Shall make us more than conquerors too.

- 4 Let us at once the land possess,
And taste the blessings from above,
The milk sincere of pard'ning grace,
The honey of his perfect love.
- 5 In vain, ye fearful, faithless spies,
Ye mis-report the land so good ;
We stop our ears against your lies,
" That sin can never be subdued."
- 6 There's no unconquerable sin :
If God lead forth his host to fight,
We may, we must the battle win,
And all o'ercome in Jesu's might.

HYMN VIII. 8s & 6s.

- 1 **H**OLY and just, I fly to thee,
Thy name shall my protection be,
When guilty terrors press !
I leave the' avenger far behind,
Soon as by humble faith I find
The Lord my righteousness !
- 2 Sole Governor of earth and skies,
The burthen on thy shoulder lies,
Who all our sins didst bear ;
Securely shelter'd in thy breast,
Hid by almighty Love, I rest
Thine everlasting care.
- 3 Thee, Saviour, I my refuge make ;
And when thy nature I partake,
And all thy fulness feel,
From fear, and sin, and sorrow free,
In perfect fellowship with thee
I shall for ever dwell.

HYMN IX. L. M.

- 1 **L**ESS than the least of saints, on me
Thy word fulfill'd I daily see,
Kept by thy love's almighty zeal,
Preserv'd from falling into hell.

2 And still I trust thy faithful grace,
To' uphold my goings in thy ways,
Till walking with my God, I see
The glorious place prepar'd for me.

3 Not all the powers of earth and hell
Shall against Jesu's church prevail,
Who bruises with his iron rod
The world, and their infernal god :

4 The stubborn he in pieces breaks,
But peace to prostrate rebels speaks,
And stretches o'er the faithful race
The golden sceptre of his grace.

5 All power, O God, in earth and heaven,
Thou hast to thy Messias given,
And bade the almighty Son of man
At thy right hand in glory reign :

6 Our Saviour-prince shall thence descend,
His sway from east to west extend,
And reign o'er all the earth alone,
Triumphant on the great white throne.

HYMN X. 6 lines 2s.

1 **S**TRAITEN'D in God we cannot be,
No bounds his power and bounty know,
His grace is an exhaustless sea,
Which flows, and shall for ever flow ;
And if its course suspended seem,
The hind'rance is in us, not him.

2 All in ourselves the straitness lies,
Our faith, and not his promise, fails,
He blesses us with fresh supplies
Of joy out of Salvation's wells ;
And when our heart with joy runs o'er,
Enlarges, and still gives us more.

3 Above what we can ask or hope,
The God of grace delights to give,
To fill the empty vessels up :
And when we grace for grace receive,

Enough in Christ remains behind,
To fill the souls of all mankind.

HYMN XI. 6 lines 8s.

- 1 **F**AVOUR and grace to Israel shown
Is from the Lord our God alone,
Whatever hand thy blessings brings,
Or Persia's or Britannia's kings,
The Fountain in the streams we see,
And all our good deriv'd from thee.
- 2 Thou, lately, Lord, in special grace,
Hast visited our captive race,
The remnant left in Babylon ;
And made thy pard'ning mercy known,
And help'd us to escape away,
By the first dawn of Gospel-day.
- 3 Mercy hath a sure nail bestow'd,
And fix'd us in the house of God,
Where thou thy glories dost reveal ;
In Christ the holy place we dwell,
Nor will we from the Temple move,
Or quit our hold of Jesu's love.
- 4 Now with enlighten'd eyes we see
In Christ the smiling Deity,
Out of the house of bondage freed,
And rais'd with Jesus from the dead,
Yet still we for redemption pray,
For perfect life, and perfect day.

HYMN XII. 6 lines 8s.

- 1 **I** CALL the world's Redeemer mine ;
He lives who died for me, I know,
Who bought my soul with blood divine,
Jesus shall re-appear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.
- 2 Then the last judgment-day shall come,
And though the worms this skin devour,
The Judge shall call me from my tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,

And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.

3 In this identic body I,
With eyes of flesh refin'd, restor'd,
Shall see the self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord,
See with ineffable delight,
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.

4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume,
With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

HYMN XIII.

L. M.

1 **W**ITH deepest shame, with humblest fear,
I to thine oracle draw near,
To meet thee in the holiest place,
To learn the secret of thy grace.

2 Now, Lord, explain the mystery,
Display thy precious self to me,
And when thou dost the veil remove,
My heart shall sing the song of love.

3 Thou heavenly Solomon divine,
To teach the song of songs is thine;
Thy Spirit alone the depths reveals,
Opens the book, and breaks the seals.

4 O might I find the bar remov'd,
And love my Lord as I am lov'd,
This moment gain my heart's desire,
The next within thine arms expire!

HYMN XIV. 8 lines, 7s & 6s.

1 **L**O, the church with gradual light
Her opening charms displays,
After a long dreary night
Looks forth with glimmering rays,
Scarce perceptible appears,
Until the Day-spring from on high

All the face of nature cheers,
And gladdens earth and sky.

2 Now she without spot appears,
For Christ appears again ;
Sun of Righteousness, he clears
His church from every stain :
Rising in full majesty
He blazes with meridian light,
All the horizon laughs to see
The joyous heavenly sight.

3 Bright with lustre not her own
The woman now admire,
Cloth'd with that eternal sun
Which sets the worlds on fire ;
Bright she shall for ever shine,
Enjoying, like the church above,
All the light of truth divine,
And all the fire of love.

4 From her dark, inconstant state
To perfect love restor'd,
Stands the church divinely great,
The army of the Lord ;
Wide his bloody sign displays,
And, lo, the hosts of Satan fall ;
Terrible in holiness
She more than conquers all.

5 Who shall live to see that day
Of her Redeemer's power ?
Jesus, come, no more delay
Thy kingdom to restore :
Or if first to rest I go,
Yet let me in that day appear,
Meaneſt of thy saints below,
Thy saints triumphant here !

HYMN XV.

S. M.

1 **R**EJOICE in Jesu's birth !
To us a Son is given,
To us a child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven !

His shoulder props the sky,
 The universe sustains !
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The King Messiah reigns.

2 His name, his nature soars
 Beyond the creature's ken :
 Yet whom the' angelic host adores,
 He pleads the cause of men !
 Our Counsellor we praise,
 Our Advocate above,
 Who daily in his Church displays
 His miracles of love.

3 The' Almighty God is He,
 Author of heavenly bliss,
 The Father of eternity,
 The glorious Prince of Peace !
 Wider and wider still
 He doth his sway extend,
 With peace divine his people fill,
 And joys that never end !

4 His government shall grow,
 From strength to strength proceed,
 His righteousness the church o'erflow,
 And all the earth o'erspread ;
 His presence shall increase
 The happiness above,
 The full, progressive happiness
 Of everlasting love.

HYMN XVI. 7s & 6s.

1 **B**RANCH of Jesse's stem, arise,
 And in our nature grow,
 Turn our earth to paradise,
 By flourishing below :
 Bless us with the Spirit of grace,
 Immeasurably shed on thee,
 Pour on all the faithful race
 The streaming Deity.

2 Let the Spirit of our Head
 On all the members rest,
 From thyself to us proceed,
 And dwell in every breast ;
 Teach to judge and act aright,
 Inspire with wisdom from above,
 Holy faith, and heavenly might,
 And reverential love.

3 Lord, of thee we fain would learn
 Thy heavenly Father's will ;
 Give us quickness to discern,
 And boldness to fulfil ;
 All his mind to us explain,
 And all his name on us impress,
 Then our souls in thee attain
 The perfect righteousness.

HYMN XVII. 7s & 6s.

1 **R**IGHTEOUS Judge, who read'st the heart,
 And know'st what is in man,
 Rise to take thy people's part,
 The helpless cause maintain :
 Patron of the poor, appear,
 Thy meek, afflicted subjects own,
 Manifest thy kingdom here,
 And call us to thy throne.

2 Jesus, let the Gospel-word
 Out of thy mouth proceed ;
 Smite us with thy two-edg'd sword,
 And strike the wicked dead :
 Let thy glorious breath consume
 The man of sin, the carnal mind,
 Slay the Antichrist of Rome
 In me and all mankind.

3 True and faithful Witness, thou
 In righteousness hast sworn
 Every knee to thee shall bow,
 And every heart shall turn :

Girt with equity and might,
 Arise to administer thy grace,
 Claim the kingdom in thy right,
 And govern all our race.

HYMN XVIII. L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT Hiding-place I long to find,
 That sacred covert from the wind :
 Thou Man of grief, thou God of love,
 Receive, and keep my life above.
- 2 Conceal me from the furious blast,
 Till all the storms of life are past ;
 Or let the latest tempest come,
 And drive me to my heavenly home.
- 3 My soul, a dry and barren place,
 Gasps for the cooling streams of grace ;
 O might they through the desert roll
 Refreshment to my gasping soul !
- 4 Jesus, I thirst for thee, not thine,
 I want the well of life divine ;
 The well of life divine thou art,
 Spring up eternal in my heart.

HYMN XIX. 6 lines 8s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we on thy word rely,
 And wait the universal shower ;
 Pour out thy Spirit from on high,
 In all his gifts and graces pour,
 And 'stablish every heart with grace,
 With true indwelling righteousness.
- 2 Let judgment in the desert stay,
 And goodness in the fruitful field,
 Goodness which none can take away,
 While conscious of our pardon seal'd,
 We find the unutterable rest,
 And heaven is open'd in our breast.
- 3 Effect of righteousness divine
 Implanted in the soul renew'd,

The calm serenity be mine,
 The humble confidence in God,
 (Which neither life nor death can move,)
 The fulness of eternal love.

HYMN XX. 7s.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, Love divine !
 Let thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me full of heaven and love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burden'd sinner free ;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart :
 Breathe thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way :
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

HYMN XXI. 7s.

- 1 **H**APPINESS, thou lovely name,
 Where's thy seat, O tell me where ?
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
 All cry out, " It is not here."
 Not the wisdom of the wise
 Can inform me where it lies ;
 Not the grandeur of the great
 Can the bliss I seek create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in thee :
 Thee to praise, and thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below ;
 Thee to see, and thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny ;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die :
 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are thine,
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.

4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy :
 Here, O may I walk with thee ;
 Then, into thy presence die !
 Let me but thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness,
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heaven below, and heaven above.

HYMN XXII. 7s.

1 **W**HO are these that come from far,
 Swifter than a flying cloud ?
 Thick as flocking doves they are,
 Eager in pursuit of God ;
 Trembling as the storm draws nigh,
 Hastening to their place of rest ;
 See them to their windows fly,
 To the ark of Jesus' breast !

2 Who are these but sinners poor,
 Conscious of their low estate,
 Sin-sick souls, who for their cure
 On the good Physician wait ;
 Fallen, who bewail their fall,
 Proffer'd mercy who embrace,
 Listening to the Gospel-call,
 Longing to be sav'd by grace.

3 For his mate the turtle moans,
 For his God the sinner sighs ;
 Hark the music of their groans,
 Humble groans that pierce the skies !
 Surely God their sorrow hears,
 Every accent, every look ;

Treasures up their gracious fears,
Notes their sufferings in his book.

4 He who hath the cure begun,
Will he now despise their pain?
Can he leave his work undone,
Bring them to the birth in vain?
No; we all, who seek, shall find,
We, who ask, shall all receive,
Be to Christ in spirit join'd,
With him ever, ever live.

HYMN XXIII.

7s.

1. **S**OURCE of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright,
Thee, when morning greets the skies,
Blushing sweet with humid eyes;
Thee, when soft declining day
Sinks in purple waves away,
Thee, O Parent, will I sing,
To thy feet my tribute bring.

2. Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
Earth on its firm basis plac'd,
And with circling waves embrac'd:—
All, creating power confess,
All, their mighty Maker bless;
Shaking nature with thy nod,
Earth and heaven confess thee God.

3. Source of light, thou bid'st the sun,
On his burning axles run:
Stars like dust around him fly,
Strew the area of the sky;
Fills the queen of solemn night,
From his vase, her orb of light:
Lunar lustre, thus we see,
Solar virtue, shines by thee.

4. Father, King, whose heavenly face
Shines serene upon our race;

Mindful of thy guardian care,
 Slow to punish, prone to spare ;
 We thy majesty adore,
 We thy well-known aid implore,
 Not in vain thine aid we call,
 Nothing want, for THOU ART ALL.

HYMN XXIV. 8 lines, 8s & 7s.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
 See him dying on the tree !
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected !
 Yes, my soul, 'tis he, 'tis he !
 'Tis the long-expected prophet,
 David's son, yet David's Lord,
 Proofs I see sufficient of it,
 'Tis a true and faithful word.
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,
 Was there ever grief like his ?
 Friends through fear his cause disowning,
 Foes insulting his distress :
 Many hands were rais'd to wound him,
 None would interpose to save ;
 But the awful stroke that found him,
 Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
 Nor suppose the evil great ;
 Here may view its nature rightly,
 Here its guilt may estimate :
 Mark the Sacrifice appointed !
 See who bears the awful load ;
 'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,
 Son of man, and Son of God.
- 4 Here we have a firm foundation ;
 Here's the refuge of the lost :
 Christ's the rock of our salvation,
 His the name of which we boast :
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded ;
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt !
 None shall ever be confounded
 Who on him their hope have built.

HYMN XXV. *Calcutta, or Oliver's.*

1 **S**EE from Sion's sacred mountain,
 Streams of living water flow ;
 God has open'd there a fountain ;
 This supplies the plains below ;
 They are blessed,
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
 Streams of mercy find their way ;
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
 Making all around look gay ;
 O, ye nations,
 Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
 All enriching as it goes ;
 Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
 Buds and blossoms as the rose ;
 Every object
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life the banks adorning,
 Yield their fruit to all around ;
 Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
 Pleasure comes, and hopes abound !
 Fair their portion !
 Endless life with glory crown'd.

HYMN XXVI. *Oliver's.*

1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands ;
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands :
 Mourning captive !
 God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God will now restore thee !
 He himself appears thy friend :
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end :
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past,
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 Days of peace are come at last ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

HYMN XXVII. L. M.

1 **A**H ! Lord, with late regret I own,
 I have the double evil done,
 Forsook the spring of life and peace,
 And toil'd for earthly happiness :
 But what in them I sought with pain,
 I could not from the creatures gain ;
 The cisterns which my folly hew'd,
 They would not hold one drop of good.

2 Now for my double sin I grieve,
 Again the broken cisterns leave,
 Again I after thee would go,
 And gasp thy only love to know :
 Fountain of true felicity,
 Eternal God, spring up in me,
 And fill'd with life, and love, and power,
 My heart shall never wander more.

HYMN XXVIII. 8 lines, 8s & 7s.

1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend :
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross we lie :
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye ;
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace !

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know !

HYMN XXIX. 8s & 7s. *Kingswood.*

1 EARTH rejoice, the Lord hath rais'd
 His own incarnate Son,
 On the throne of David plac'd,
 And on his heavenly throne ;
 Righteous Branch of Jesse's stem,
 Righteousness he doth maintain,
 King of saints, he reigns in them,
 And shall for ever reign.

2 Judah now, the land of praise,
 Is with his Spirit fill'd ;
 Inward Jews, the sons of grace,
 Enjoy their pardon seal'd.
 Long as Jesus rules the sky,
 His people shall in safety dwell,
 All the strength of sin defy,
 And all the powers of hell.

3 Him in every age the same,
 We joyfully confess,
 Justly glory in his name,
 The Lord our righteousness !

Ours in righteousness bestow'd,
 Ours in righteousness brought in,
 Ours with all the life of God
 For ever fix'd within.

HYMN XXX. 8s & 7s.

1 **F**AITHER, in our hearts reveal
 The depths of love unknown,
 'Stablish with thy church, and seal
 The covenant in thy Son ;
 Covenant of perpetual peace,
 Peace inviolably sure,
 Pure, inherent righteousness,
 Which always shall endure.

2 Planted in the land of rest,
 Our number, Lord, complete ;
 Bless us still, with pardon blest,
 And make for mercy meet :
 O might Christ, that holiest place,
 Where all thy fulness doth reside,
 In his church with all his grace
 Eternally abide !

3 Might he now exalted be
 In all the heathens' view,
 Christ the heavenly sanctuary,
 The tabernacle true !
 Us thy favourite people make,
 From whom thou never wilt depart ;
 Father, Son, and Spirit, take
 Possession of our heart.

HYMN XXXI. C. M.

1 **O** FOR the faith in Jesu's name,
 Which tyrants can despise,
 Which triumphs o'er the threat'ning flame,
 And all its rage defies ;
 Calmly replies with resolute scorn
 To furious cruelty,
 My body tear, or rack, or burn,
 Ye cannot injure me.

2 Let the horrific king appear,
 And all his terrors show,
 True Israelites disdain to fear
 A stingless, baffled foe :
 Though seven times hotter than before
 The torturing fires increase,
 The Lord our God whom we adore
 Can save his witnesses.

3 Let earth and hell their powers employ,
 A sure defence we have,
 They are not nearer to destroy,
 Than Jesus is to save ;
 And if it serve thy glory, thou
 Shalt pluck us from the flame,
 Our God in ages past, and now,
 And evermore the same.

4 But if thou wilt not save us here
 From the tormentor's power,
 Faithful to death we persevere,
 And meet the fiery hour :
 We will not bow our heart or knee,
 And live to idols join'd,
 Assur'd the life we lose for thee,
 In paradise to find.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

1 SAVIOUR, thou didst the glory bear
 E'en on the shameful tree,
 Triumphant in thy dying care,
 Thy bleeding love for me :
 Most glorious was my Lord below,
 When in his garments dy'd ;
 Not heaven itself a sight could show
 Like Jesus crucified.

2 Almighty Lord of earth and skies,
 The government receive ;
 The burden on thy shoulder lies
 Who dost for ever live ;

Thy Father's house, its royal state,
 And dignity unknown,
 And all its gracious, glorious weight
 Is hung on thee alone.

3 The Lord is King, let earth be glad ;
 Jesus, the power is thine,
 Possess'd of thy reward, and clad
 With majesty divine ;
 Thy Father's heavenly joy to share
 Thou dost with God sit down,
 And all the weight of glory bear
 In thine eternal crown.

HYMN XXX. *Luton, or Irene.*

1 **N**OW let thy word take place
 In every gift and grace,
 Father, let thy Spirit's stream
 Make the wilderness a pool,
 Pour'd on our Jerusalem,
 Pour'd into my gasping soul !

2 On me, ev'n me, confer
 That spirit of faith and prayer ;
 Give me eyes, my Lord, my God,
 Him whom I have pierc'd to see
 Bearing all my sinful load,
 Pouring out his blood for me !

3 Who see, must surely feel
 That piteous spectacle !
 Stone to flesh the sight doth turn !
 Yes, I share the dying smart,
 Now I look on thee and mourn,
 Now I give thee all my heart.

4 Hail, all-redeeming Lord !
 In honour of thy word,
 Thou wilt every soul receive ;
 Every soul thy murderer was :
 Jews themselves shall look, and grieve,
 Vanquish'd by thy bleeding cross.

5 Who first their hands imbrued,
 In thy most sacred blood,
 Turn'd, at last, they all shall be :
 Thee descending from above,
 Thee, the true Messiah, see,
 See and weep, believe and love.

HYMN XXXI.

L. M.

1 JESUS, directed by thy word,
 I seek a kingdom from above,
 And I shall find it soon restor'd
 In perfect power and perfect love.

2 Father, I all thy fulness want :
 The door of true repentance give,
 The door of faith and mercy grant,
 And let me in thine image live.

3 When instant I in prayer abide,
 When all thy hallowing grace is given,
 To' admit my soul, throw open wide
 The everlasting doors of heaven.

HYMN XXXII.

C. M.

1 STILL, O my dear redeeming Lord,
 Thy faithfulness I plead,
 And hang on thy most precious word
 For every good I need :
 The good which first of all I want,
 Into my heart convey,
 The power to pray and never faint,
 The constant power to pray.

2 With all my small remains of grace
 The blessing I implore,
 Stir up my soul to seek thy face,
 To seek it evermore ;
 To wrestle till the clouds remove,
 And thou thy Name declare ;
 While all my happy heart is love,
 And all my life is prayer.

3 For this I pray, and long, and trust
 Thy goodness, truth, and power,
 To make, as to account, me just
 In thine appointed hour :
 Thou canst ; and is it not thy will
 That I should holy be ?
 Lord, I expect thee to fulfil
 Thy whole design on me.

HYMN XXXIII. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou say'st I shall receive
 The thing for which I pray ;
 Then give me, Lord, thy Spirit give,
 And take my sins away :
 That I may never grieve thee more,
 Thy blessed Self impart ;
 And stamp, in perfect peace and power,
 Thine image on my heart.

2 Why should I smaller gifts request,
 When all I ask is mine ?
 I covet earnestly the best,
 The plenitude divine ;
 My swelling heart I open wide
 To' admit my heavenly Friend ;
 Come, Saviour, come, in me to' abide,
 Till grace in glory end.

3 My evil will be all cast out,
 When thou resid'st within ;
 Thy presence, Lord, I cannot doubt,
 Extirpates inbred sin ;
 Out of mine inmost soul I trust,
 The root shall be destroy'd,
 While Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Fills all the sacred void.

4 Thee, the thrice, holy God, I want,
 And nothing less than thee :
 With infinite desire I pant
 For thy infinity !

On eagles' wings my spirit flies
 To grasp its Lord above,
 And faints upon thy breast, and dies
 To be dissolv'd in love.

HYMN XXXIV. 8s & 6s.

1 **T**RU^E Light of the whole world, appear,
 Answer in us thy character,
 Thou uncreated Sun ;
 Jesus, thy beams on all are shed,
 That all may by thy beams be led
 To that eternal throne.

2 Lighten'd by thy interior ray,
 Thee every child of Adam may
 His unknown God adore ;
 And following close thy secret grace,
 Emerge into that glorious place
 Where darkness is no more.

3 The universal Light thou art,
 And, turn'd to thee, the darkest heart
 A glimmering spark may find ;
 Let man reject it or embrace,
 Thou offerest once thy saving grace
 To me, and all mankind.

4 Light of my soul, I follow thee,
 In humble faith on earth to see
 Thy perfect day of love ;
 And then with all thy saints in light
 To gain the beatific sight
 Which makes their heaven above.

HYMN XXXV. 8s & 6s.

1 **W**HAT angel can the grace explain !
 The very God is very man,
 By love paternal given !
 Begins the uncreated Word,
 Born is the everlasting Lord,
 Who made both earth and heaven !

2 Behold him high above all height,
Him, God of God, and Light of Light,
In a mean earthly shrine :
Jehovah's glory dwell with men,
The Person in our flesh is seen,
The Character Divine !

3 Not with these eyes of flesh and blood,
Yet, lo ! we still behold the God,
Replete with truth and grace :
The truth of holiness we see,
The truth of full felicity,
In our Redeemer's face.

4 Transform'd by the ecstatic sight,
Our souls o'erflow with pure delight,
And every moment own
The Lord our whole perfection is,
The Lord is our immortal bliss,
And Christ and heaven are one.

HYMN XXXVI. 6 *lines* 8*s.*

1 **F**AATHER, thy most benign intent
With warmest gratitude we own,
Thou hast in human likeness sent
Thy Son, for all our sins to' atone ;
Sinless, yet like his brethren made,
He died a victim in our stead.

2 He died, that sin in us might die,
Condemn'd, when Jesus breath'd his last,
Sin, in the flesh we now defy,
Its guilt and tyranny are past ;
And dying of its mortal wound,
It soon shall be no longer found.

3 The righteousness thy law requires,
Shall then be all in us fulfill'd,
Who now renounce our own desires,
And to thy Spirit's motions yield ;
And following our celestial Guide,
Go on, till wholly sanctified.

4 In us the full obedience true,
 Which Jesus for his people wrought,
 Shall be by him perform'd anew,
 While saints in deed, in word, and thought,
 Fill'd with the triune God, we prove
 The righteousness of perfect love.

HYMN XXXVII. c. m.

1 **T**HE merit of Jehovah's Son
 Be on his Church bestow'd;
 Jesus, through thy free grace alone
 We have access to God :
 To favour now through thee restor'd,
 O may we still retain
 The mercy of our pard'ning Lord,
 And never sin again.

2 Father, thy love in Christ reveal,
 Which spake us justified,
 And let the gift unspeakable
 In all our hearts abide ;
 Humbly we trust thy faithful love
 Thy children to defend,
 And hide our life with Christ above,
 And keep us to the end.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, supply the want
 Of all thy saints and me,
 In all thy gifts and graces grant
 Us fellowship with thee :
 The Pledge, the Witness, and the Seal,
 We look for thee again,
 In us eternally to dwell,
 Eternally to reign.

HYMN XXXVIII. s. m.

1 **W**HAT is that Gospel-hope ?
 To be redeem'd from sin,
 After his likeness to wake up,
 Holy and pure within.

The Lord with all our mind,
 And soul, and strength, to love,
 To lose our life for Christ, and find
 A better life above.

2 This hope of holiness,
 Still may I hold it fast,
 And toward the prize unwearied press,
 Till all my deaths are past !
 My Captain and my Head
 Did to the end endure ;
 And I, through sufferings perfected,
 Shall find his promise sure.

3 The men that know not God,
 May cry, It cannot be,
 That heart-felt pardon in his blood,
 That sinless liberty :
 The world blaspheme in vain,
 I still my point pursue,
 Assur'd, though every child of man
 Be false, yet God is true.

4 False witnesses may rise,
 Me from my hope to move,
 Pretenders to the glorious prize,
 The pure consummate love :
 Though crowds believe a lie,
 Nor reach the perfect day,
 I set the self-deceivers by,
 And still hold on my way.

5 I trust in thee alone,
 Who never canst deceive,
 (After I have thy pleasure done,)
 The promis'd grace to give,
 The holiness complete,
 The spotless purity,
 The perfect love, which makes me meet
 To share a throne with thee.

HYMN XXXIX.

S. M.

1 **A** CROWN of righteousness
 There is laid up for me,
 Who keep the faith, and win the race,
 And get the victory :
 The Judge of all is just,
 His saints to glorify,
 To save who in his promise trust,
 And in his favour die.

2 When shall the Judge descend,
 And fix his kingdom here !
 With vehement love we still attend
 To see our Lord appear,
 With languishing desire,
 We long our Head to own,
 Encircled by his angel-quire,
 High on his azure throne.

3 O King of saints, come down
 In dazzling majesty,
 Thy suffering witnesses to crown,
 Who share thy cross with thee :
 Thou promisest to give
 The crown at that glad day
 To all who lovingly believe,
 And for thy coming stay.

4 The name, the cross we love,
 Of our exalted Friend,
 And still, to meet thee from above,
 Our hearts to heaven we send :
 And when thou dost appear,
 Thou wilt the kingdom give,
 And all thy fellow-sufferers here,
 Into thy joy receive.

HYMN XL. 8 lines, 8s & 7s.

1 **B**RIGHTNESS of the' Eternal Glory,
 Image of our God express'd,
 Jesus, let thy works adore thee,
 God supreme, for ever bless'd.

Still upheld by their Creator,
 Heaven and earth thy power confess ;
 Lord of universal nature,
 Take the universal praise.

2 From his heavenly throne descending,
 Son of God, and Son of Man,
 See him on a cross depending,
 By his sinful creatures slain !
 O the depth of love redeeming !
 God his spirit doth resign :
 See the blood in pardons streaming,
 Precious balm of blood divine !

3 Flow'd from him an open fountain
 For the universal sin,
 Wash'd away the' enormous mountain,
 Made a world of sinners clean ;
 By his one complete oblation,
 Jesus did the ransom find ;
 Quench'd his Father's indignation,
 Purg'd the guilt of all mankind.

4 After his few days of mourning,
 Rose our Lord no more to die,
 To his heavenly realms returning,
 To his seat above the sky,
 Where he sat supreme, before
 One of all his works was made,
 In full majesty and power,
 Rested our triumphant Head.

5 Object of their adoration,
 Saviour, thee thine angel train,
 Met with rapturous exclamation,
 Welcom'd to thy courts again !
 Still they shout, and fall before thee,
 Thee their great Creator own,
 Re-install'd in all their glory,
 Bright on thine eternal throne !

HYMN XLI. 6 lines 8s.

1 **C**OULD sufferings heighten or complete
Christ's essential holiness !
No : but they made our Captain meet
To save a lost, apostate race :
His sufferings laid the ransom down,
And bought mine everlasting crown.

2 His death completes the sacrifice,
And shows the consecrated way,
That we might on his cross arise,
By sufferings as by works obey,
And while we all his pangs endure,
Expect his blood to make us pure.

3 Thy passion, Lord, and not our own,
Doth peace and purity impart ;
Thy blood, which did for sin atone,
Writes pardon on the sprinkled heart,
And by the Spirit of faith applied,
It perfects all the crucified.

4 Who daily bleed and die with thee,
Thou dost with perfect patience bless,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
Restor'd to all the life of grace,
And by this narrow way alone,
Thou lead'st us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN XLII. L. M.

1 **H**OW backward is our flesh and blood
To learn the lessons of the cross !
Eager to work the works of God,
We shrink at suffering for his cause :

2 *Before* we in his death abide,
We fondly hope his life to prove,
And nature, yet uncrucified,
Would snatch the crown of perfect love.

3 But Christ, the co-eternal Son,
His Father's harshest will obey'd,
Drank the full cup of grief unknown,
Through pain a perfect Saviour made :

4 He did the work he came to do,
 To us the bright example set ;
 Yet if he had not suffer'd too,
 The' obedience had not been complete.

5 O might we thus our Head obey,
 In active, passive righteousness,
 Meekly pursue our heavenly Way,
 And all his patient mind express.

6 Partakers of his shame and pain,
 Obedient unto death endure,
 And thus his spotless image gain,
 And thus declare "our heaven is sure ! "

HYMN XLIII.

7s & 6s.

1 COMING through our great High-Priest,
 C We find a pard'ning God :
 Jesu's Spirit in our breast
 Bears witness with the blood,
 Speaks our Father pacified
 Toward every soul that Christ receives ;
 Tells us, once our Surety died,
 And now for ever lives.

2 Christ for ever lives to pray
 For all that trust in him :
 I my soul on Jesus stay,
 Almighty to redeem :
 He shall purify my heart,
 Who in his blood forgiveness have,
 All his hallowing power exert,
 And to the utmost save.

3 Basis of our steadfast hope,
 Saviour, thy ceaseless prayer
 Sanctifies and lifts us up
 To meet thee in the air :
 Yes, thine interceding grace
 Preserves us every moment thine,
 Till we rise to see thy face,
 And share the throne divine.

HYMN XLIV. 6 lines 8s.

1 **E**NTER'D the holy place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love,
Our great High-Priest in glory bears,
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears ;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears ;
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer :
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare :
And soon my spirit in his hands
Shall stand, where my Forerunner stands ;

HYMN XLV. *Irene.*

1 **J**ESUS, thy bleeding love
Our thankful hearts approve :
Once a spotless victim slain,
Thou didst here thy life resign,
Bear for every child of man,
Pacify the wrath divine.

2 Our sins thy body bore,
And justice asks no more :
Thy sufficient sacrifice
Did for all mankind atone :
Now thou reign'st above the skies,
High on thine eternal throne.

3 But while for thee we mourn,
Thou wilt to us return,
Wilt the second time appear
Saviour of the faithful race :
I shall then behold thee near,
I shall see thy heavenly face.

4 God's everlasting Son
 Shall on the clouds come down !
 How unlike the Man of woe,
 Him that groan'd on Calvary !
 Him that tasted death below,
 Him that purchas'd life for me !

5 Come then, our heavenly Friend,
 Sorrow and death to end,
 Pure, millennial joy to give,
 Now appear on earth again,
 Now thy people sav'd receive,
 Now begin thy glorious reign !

HYMN XLVI. 6 lines 7s.

1 **H**APPY we, who humbly prove,
 The true liberty of love :
 Through the all-atoning blood,
 We have free access to God,
 Enter the most holy place,
 Stand before our Father's face.

2 Boldly we approach the throne,
 By a living way unkown,
 Way of faith which Jesus made,
 Through the veil of flesh display'd ;
 Through his rent humanity,
 God our Friend in heaven we see.

3 There we see our great High-Priest,
 Enter'd his triumphant rest,
 There he pleads his death below,
 There he lives his wounds to show,
 Offers up our prayers with his,
 Claims us for eternal bliss.

4 Draw we then, through Jesus, near,
 Sav'd from sin, and doubt, and fear,
 In full confidence divine,
 Each assur'd that Christ is mine,
 Mine, O God, through Christ thou art,
 Mine ; I have thee in my heart.

Upright now my heart, and true,
 Lo, I offer to thy view,
 Lighten'd of its guilty load,
 Sprinkled with my Saviour's blood,
 Conscious of thy pardoning grace,
 Cleans'd from all unrighteousness.

6 He that made my conscience clean,
 Still preserves from acting sin,
 Pours his Spirit of purity,
 Every moment waters me ;
 He shall wholly sanctify,
 Take me sinless to the sky.

HYMN XLVII.

7s.

1 **L**ORD, to thee I feebly look,
 Thou my cause hast undertook,
 Author of my faith thou art,
 Stamping pardon on my heart.

2 But that every moment I
 May on thy dear cross rely,
 Still the mystery reveal
 Of thy love unspeakable.

3 What thou gav'st me once to know,
 O continue to bestow,
 Give me, every moment give,
 By thy precious death to live.

4 This my sole employment be,
 Station'd here on Calvary,
 Let me on thy passion gaze,
 See thee dying in my place.

5 While I thus my pattern view,
 I shall bleed and suffer too,
 With the Man of sorrow join'd,
 One become in heart and mind.

6 More and more like Jesus grow,
 Till the Finisher I know,
 Gain the final victor's wreath,
 Perfect love in perfect death.

HYMN XLVIII. *Oliver's.*

1 **S**EE, ye heirs of sure salvation,
Jesu's most majestic grace,
At his final revelation,
While he pompously displays
All his glories,
All the Godhead in his face !

2 **F**rom the mystic volume hearing
How his kingdom is restor'd,
Look ye for his last appearing :
True to his prophetic word,
Lo, he cometh !
Go ye forth to meet your Lord.

3 **T**o his royal Proclamation,
Manifested here, attend,
In his state of exaltation,
While he doth with clouds descend,
Brings the kingdom,
Gives the joy that ne'er shall end.

4 **P**ower is all to Jesus given :
All his foes must fall before
The great King of earth and heaven,
When he takes his royal power !
Now assume it,
Jesus, reign for evermore !

HYMN XLIX. 8s & 6s.

1 **I** TAKE, O Lord, thy love's advice,
While without money, without price,
I come thy grace to buy ;
Faith is the golden bullion pure,
Which can the fiery test endure,
And all my wants supply.

2 I come to buy that richest dress,
The saints' unspotted holiness,
The covering from above ;
To swallow up my sinful shame,
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
In purity of love.

3 All things that I may clearly see,
 The Spirit which proceeds from thee,
 The unction I implore :
 O might I now the blessing gain,
 The sight of thee, my Lord, obtain,
 And never lose it more.

4 Jesus, thy promis'd Spirit impart,
 To cure the blindness of my heart,
 Mine unbelief to chase ;
 That I thine open face may see,
 And spend a bless'd eternity
 In ecstasies of praise.

HYMN L. 6 lines 8s.

1 **S**AVIOUR, I know thy gracious will,
 Thou waitest for admittance still,
 Thy knock, thy mercy's voice I hear,
 And open wide my heart sincere ;
 I use the power my Lord doth give,
 And gladly now thyself receive.

2 Enter with all thy fulness in,
 And cast out this intruder sin,
 Challenge thy dear-bought property,
 And pleas'd with what thou bring'st to me,
 (The good which comes from thee alone,)
 Vouchsafe to banquet on thine own.

3 Nothing have I to offer thee
 But wretchedness and poverty :
 O wouldst thou in thy servant find
 The lowly, meek, and patient mind,
 Dispread thine image o'er my breast,
 And on thy own perfection feast.

4 Then should I with my Saviour sup,
 To the third heaven at last caught up,
 Obtain the bliss begun below,
 (The bliss I now would die to know,)
 Sit down, O King of Saints, with thee,
 And feast to all eternity.

HYMN LI. 6 lines 8s.

1 **S**TUPENDOUS mystery of grace !
 Shall one of Adam's sinful race,
 Shall I, the sinner's chief, sit down
 With God, and his eternal Son,
 And shine like Jesus glorified,
 Triumphant at my Saviour's side !

2 Then let me meet my three-fold foe,
 And conquering, on to conquer go,
 Arm'd with his sword, and mind, and name,
 Who hell, the world, and sin o'ercame,
 And get the final victory,
 And die for him, who died for me.

3 O thou who hast the victory won,
 Regard me from thy Father's throne,
 Regard my faith, (which is not mine,)
 My humble confidence divine,
 That thou wilt all my foes subdue,
 And bring me more than conqueror through.

4 Full of the pure immortal hope,
 I fill thine after sufferings up,
 Conform'd to an expiring God,
 I strive, resisting unto blood ;
 And mounting on thy cross, arise,
 To share thy throne above the skies.

HYMN LII. 6 lines 7s.

1 **L**AMB of God, thy right we own ;
 Worthy thou, and thou alone,
 The mysterious book to' explain,
 Teeming with the fates of man,
 Thou shalt open every seal,
 Every prophecy fulfil.

2 Power executive is thine :
 Prodigal of blood divine,
 Thou hast dearly bought thine own,
 Laid the precious ransom down,
 Given by thy Father's grace,
 Slain for all our helpless race.

3 We who in thy death confide,
 Conscious of thy blood applied,
 Now the Gospel-blessing prove,
 Fruit of thy redeeming love,
 Daily find in serving thee,
 Love is perfect liberty.

4 By the Spirit of thy grace
 Thy distinguish'd witnesses,
 Out of all the worldly throng,
 Every nation, tribe, and tongue,
 Call'd, and sep'rated for thine,
 Now we in thine image shine.

5 Thou hast by thy hallowing blood
 Consecrated us to God,
 And we in the Holiest Place,
 Offer up our prayer and praise,
 Ceaseless, Abba, Father, cry,
 Kings and priests of the Most High.

6 Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
 When thou com'st to reign below,
 We shall at thy side sit down,
 Partners of thy great white throne,
 Kings a thousand years with thee,
 Kings through all eternity.

HYMN LIII. . . . 6 lines 8s.

1 **F**AITHER, I want a thankful heart;
 I want to taste how good thou art,
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 And comprehend thy love to me:
 The breadth, and length, and depth, and height
 Of love divinely infinite.

2 Father, I long my soul to raise,
 And dwell for ever on thy praise,
 Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,
 In ecstasy unspeakable;
 While the full power of faith I know,
 And reign triumphant here below.

HYMN LIV. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy we whom grace unites
In Jesus' precious name,
Whom mercy's secret call invites
To banquet with the Lamb !
- 2 We see our kind Supporter's hand,
And joyfully adore ;
And hastening to the heavenly land,
We send our hearts before.
- 3 Jesus shall there our hearts secure,
And keep our life above,
As sure as Christ is God, as sure
As Christ our God is love.
- 4 And when He has prepar'd our place,
Our Lord again shall come :
Come, Lord, and show thy glorious face,
And *look* thy pilgrims home !

HYMN LV. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, thou art in Jesus mine,
And early will I seek thy face,
A slave redeem'd by blood divine,
A sinner sav'd by pard'ning grace.
- 2 Preventing the first dawn of day,
I lift my joyful heart and eyes,
And call'd by love my vows to pay,
Present my morning-sacrifice.
- 3 Thanks be to God enthron'd above,
Who did to man salvation bring :
Thy riches of redeeming love,
Let angels and archangels sing.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb extoll'd to live,
Whose life, to ransom ours, was given ;
Jesus, the homage due receive,
The utmost praise of earth and heaven.
- 5 God over all for ever blest,
Giver of every gift and grace,
Redemption shines above the rest,
And challenges my endless praise.

6 Fountain and root of all beside,
 Redemption in the dust I own,
 And, suffering with the Crucified,
 Arise the partner of thy throne.

7 Ev'n now I taste the raptures there,
 Amidst the church of the first-born,
 Redeem'd from earth, my Lord declare,
 And shouting to thine arms return.

8 I see those out-stretch'd arms of love,
 Those arms extended on the tree !
 I see my place prepar'd above,
 And bow my head to reign with thee !

HYMN LVI.

c. m.

1 **O** WHEN wilt thou my Saviour be !
 O when shall I be clean !
 The true eternal Sabbath see,
 A perfect rest from sin !
 Jesus ! the sinner's rest thou art,
 From guilt, and fear, and pain ;
 While thou art absent from my heart,
 I look for rest in vain !

2 The consolations of thy word
 My soul hath long upheld ;
 The faithful promise of the Lord
 Shall surely be fulfill'd :
 I look to my incarnate God,
 Till he his mind bring in,
 And wait till his redeeming blood,
 Shall cleanse me from all sin.

3 O that I now the voice might hear,
 That speaks my sins forgiven ;
 Thy word is past to give me *here*
 The inward pledge of heaven :
 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
 And sanctify the' unclean ;
 The grace that saves the soul from hell,
 Will save from present sin.

HYMN LVII. *Calcutta, or Oliver's.*

1 O 'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze,
 See the morning's kindling blushes !
 Hail the rising day of grace !
 Blessed jubilee,
 See the glorious day-spring dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the Gospel
 Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Let them have the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase ;
 May thy sceptre
 Sway the' enlighten'd world around !

HYMN LVII.* 6 lines 7s. *Southwark Chapel.*

1 A BBA, Father, hear thy child,
 Late in Jesus reconcil'd,
 Hear, and all the graces shower !
 All the joy, and peace, and power,
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life of heaven, of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go,
 Till the blessing thou bestow ;
 Hear my Advocate divine,—
 Lo ! to his my suit I join ;
 Join'd to his it cannot fail,—
 Bless me, for I will prevail !

3 Stoop from thine eternal throne,
 See thy promise calls thee down !

3 We who in thy death confide,
 Conscious of thy blood applied,
 Now the Gospel-blessing prove,
 Fruit of thy redeeming love,
 Daily find in serving thee,
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 Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,
 In ecstasy unspeakable;
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Who did to man salvation bring :
Thy riches of redeeming love,
Let angels and archangels sing.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb extoll'd to live,
Whose life, to ransom ours, was given ;
Jesus, the homage due receive,
The utmost praise of earth and heaven.
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Giver of every gift and grace,
Redemption shines above the rest,
And challenges my endless praise.

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 Redemption in the dust I own,
 And, suffering with the Crucified,
 Arise the partner of thy throne.

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 Amidst the church of the first-born,
 Redeem'd from earth, my Lord declare,
 And shouting to thine arms return.

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 Those arms extended on the tree !
 I see my place prepar'd above,
 And bow my head to reign with thee !

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 And from eastern coast to western
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 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

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 May thy sceptre
 Sway the' enlighten'd world around !

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 All the joy, and peace, and power,
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life of heaven, of love.

2 Lord, I will not let thee go,
 Till the blessing thou bestow ;
 Hear my Advocate divine,—
 Lo ! to his my suit I join ;
 Join'd to his it cannot fail,—
 Bless me, for I will prevail !

3 Stoop from thine eternal throne,
 See thy promise calls thee down !

High and lofty as thou art,
 Dwell within my worthless heart !
 My poor fainting soul revive ;
 Here for ever walk and live.

4 Heavenly Adam, Life divine,
 Change my nature into thine :
 Move and spread throughout my soul,
 Actuate and fill the whole :
 Be it I no longer now,
 Living in the flesh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay,
 Come, and in thy temple stay ;
 Now thine inward witness bear
 Strong, and permanent, and clear,
 Spring of life thyself impart,
 Rise eternal in my heart !

HYMN LVIII. *Irene.*

1 **A**UTHOR of faith, appear !
 Be thou its finisher !
 Upward still for this we gaze
 Till we feel the stamp divine,
 Thee behold with open face,
 Bright in all thy glory shine.

2 Leave not thy work undone,
 But ever love thine own,
 Let us all thy goodness prove,
 Let us to the end believe ;
 Show thine everlasting love,
 Save us, to the utmost save.

3 O that our life might be
 One looking up to thee ;
 Ever hast'ning to the day,
 When our eyes shall see thee near !
 Come, Redeemer, come away !
 Glorious in thy saints appear.

4 Jesu, the heavens bow,
 We long to meet thee now !
 Now in majesty come down,
 Pity thine elect and come :

Hear us in thy Spirit groan,
Take the weary exiles home.

5 Now let thy face be seen
Without a veil between :
Come and change our faith to sight,
Swallow up mortality ;
Plunge us in a sea of light,
Christ be all in all to me.

HYMN LIX. 6 lines 8s.

1 **H**IGH praise to thee, all-gracious God :
Unceasing praise to thee we pay :
Naked, and wallowing in our blood,
Unpitied, loath'd of all we lay :
Thou saw'st, and from the' eternal throne,
Gav'st us thy dear, thine only Son.

2 Through thy rich grace, in Jesu's blood,
Blessing, redemption, life we find ;
Our souls wash'd in this cleansing flood,
No stain of guilt remains behind :
Who can thy mercy's stores express ?
Unfathomable, numberless !

3 Now Christ in us doth live, and we,
Father, through him with thee are one :
The banner of his love we see,
And fearless grasp the starry crown :
Unutterable peace we feel
In him, and joys unspeakable.

4 Now hast thou given us, through thy Son,
The power of living faith to see,
Unconquerable faith alone,
That gains o'er all the victory ;
Faith which nor earth nor hell can move,
Unblameable in perfect love.

5 Fully the quick'ning Spirit impart,
Thou who hast all our sins forgiven ;
O form the Saviour in my heart,
Seal of thy love, and pledge of heaven :

For ever be his name imprest
Both on my hand and on my breast.

6 Thine is whate'er we are : thy grace
In Christ created us anew,
To sing thy never-ceasing praise,
Thine unexhausted love to show ;
And arm'd with thy great Spirit's aid,
Blameless in all thy paths to tread.

7 Yea, Father, ours through him thou art,
For so is thine eternal will !
O live, move, reign within my heart,
My soul with all thy fulness fill :
My heart, my all I yield to thee :
Jesus, be all in all to me.

HYMN. LX. L. M.

1 FATHER, if now thy breath revives
In us thy pure primeval flame,
Thy power, which animates our lives,
Can make us in our deaths the same :

2 Can out of weakness make us strong,
Arming as in the ancient days,
Loosing the stammering infant's tongue,
And perfecting in babes thy praise.

3 Steadfast we then shall stand, and sure
Thine everlasting truth to prove,
In full assured faith secure,
In all the' omnipotence of love.

4 Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Father, Son, and Spirit come ;
Be mindful of thy changeless word,
And make the faithful soul thy home.

5 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake :
In us thy glorious Self reveal ;
Let us thy seven-fold gifts partake,
Let us thy mighty working feel.

6 Near us, assisting Jesus stand,
Give us the opening heaven to see,

Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to thee.

7 My Father, O my Father, hear,
And send the fiery chariot down ;
Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,
And whirl us to the starry crown.

8 We, we would die for Jesus too !
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood,
All, all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God !

HYMN LXI. 7s.

1 CHRIST, our head and common Lord,
See the souls that wait on thee,
Hear us all with one accord,
Sweetly in thy praise agree ;
Parted though in flesh we are,
Join'd to thee our corner-stone,
We are intimately near,
Present, and in spirit one.

2 Let us now to thee aspire,
Who thy life begin to know,
Let the circulating fire
Now in every bosom glow :
Let the incense of our vows
From thy golden censer rise,
Fragrant through the higher house,
Well-accepted sacrifice.

3 Come, ye absent souls, who love
Jesus with a simple heart,
Seek with us the things above,
Never from the work depart :
Never let us cease to sing
The great riches of his grace,
Till we all behold our King,
Eye to eye, and face to face.

4 Quickly we shall all appear
At the judgment-seat above,
We shall see our Jesus near,
Him whom now unseen we love ;

We his dear, peculiar ones,
 Sharers of our Master's bliss,
 We shall sit upon our thrones,
 We shall see him as he is.

5 Partners of this heavenly hope,
 Travel on, and meet us there ;
 We shall surely be caught up,
 Meet the Saviour in the air :
 Yes ; eternity's at hand,
 We shall soon be taken home,
 With the Lamb on Sion stand :—
 Come, Desire of nations, come !

HYMN LXII. 8s & 6s. *Kingswood.*

1 **G**OD of Daniel, hear my prayer,
 And let thy power be seen ;
 Stop the lion's mouth, and bear
 Me safe out of his den :
 Save me in this dreadful hour ;
 Earth, and hell, and nature, join ;
 All stand ready to devour
 This helpless soul of mine.

2 Thee I serve ; my Lord, my God,
 In me thy power display :
 Save me, save me, and defraud
 The lion of his prey.
 Angel of the Covenant,
 Jesus, mighty to retrieve,
 Let him to my help be sent :
 In Jesus I believe.

3 Save me for thine own great name,
 That all the world may know.
 Daniel's God is still the same,
 And reigns supreme below :
 Him let all mankind adore,
 Spread his glorious name abroad ;
 Tremble all, and bow before
 The great, the living God.

4 Absolute, unchangeable,
 O'er all his works he reigns ;
 His dominion cannot fail,
 But undisturb'd remains :
 His dominion standeth fast,
 Is, when time no more shall be,
 Still shall his dominion last
 Through all eternity.

5 Fain would I the truth proclaim
 That makes me free indeed ;
 Glorify my Saviour's name,
 And all its virtues spread :
 Jesus all our wants relieves,
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 Saves, and to the utmost saves,
 All those that come to him.

6 Perfect then thy mighty power
 In a weak, sinful worm :
 All my sins destroy, devour,
 And all my soul transform ;
 Now apply the Spirit's seal,
 O come quickly from above,
 Empty me of self, and fill
 With all the life of love.

HYMN LXIII. L. M.

1 **O** THAT the life-infusing grace,
 The pure and perfect peace of God,
 Might now descend on Israel's race,
 The church he purchas'd with his blood.

2 The souls peculiarly his own,
 On them the choicest gifts descend,
 From him that sitteth on the throne,
 Ancient of days which never end.

3 He was from all eternity,
 Pure essence, life, and light, and power,
 He is, when time no more shall be ;
 He is, and shall be evermore.

4 From God to all his church below,
 From the seven spirits before his throne,
 From Jesus let the blessing flow,
 Jesus is God's co-equal Son.

5 The true and faithful witness he,
 The first-begotten of the dead,
 Prince of the kings of earth,—to thee
 Be everlasting homage paid.

6 Amazing height of love divine ;
 We praise with all thy hosts above,
 The unutterable great design,
 The mystery of redeeming love.

7 Wherefore to thee all honour, praise,
 Dominion, power, and thanks we give,
 While to the glory of thy grace
 Through all eternity we live.

HYMN LXIV. L. M.

1 SAY, which of you would see the Lord ?
 Ye all may now obtain the grace,
 Behold him in the written word,
 Where John unveils the Saviour's face.

2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks
 To every soul that turns his ear,
 Amidst the golden candlesticks
 He walks ; and, lo ! he now is here.

3 Present to all believing souls,
 They see him with an eagle's eye ;
 Down to his feet a garment rolls,
 Stain'd with a glorious crimson dye.

4 His form is as the Son of Man,
 His eyes are as a flame of fire ;
 They dart a sin-consuming pain,
 And life, and joy divine inspire.

5 As many waters, sounds his word,
 Seven stars he holds in his right hand,
 Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword
 Goes forth : before it who can stand ?

6 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
 Lay thy right hand upon our soul ;
 Scatter our fears, thy Spirit shed,
 And all our unbelief controul.

7 Tell us, " I am the First and Last,
 " Who liv'd and died for all am I !
 " And, lo ! my bitter death is past,
 " And lo ! I live no more to die.

8 " I have the keys of death and hell."
 Amen ! thy record we receive,
 And wait, till thou our spirits seal,
 And all in all for ever live.

HYMN LXV. S. M.

1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear,
 Thy needy servants cry ;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view ;
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
 The labourers are few.

3 Convert, and send forth more
 Into thy Church abroad,
 And let them speak thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure Gospel-word,
 The word of general grace,
 Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
 Saviour of human race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove,
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thine all-redeeming love.

6 On all mankind, forgiven,
 Empower them still to call,
 And tell each creature under heaven,
 That thou hast died for all.

HYMN LXVI. 7s & 6s. *Gaulter.*

1 **P**RAISE the Lord, ye blessed ones,
 Your glorious Lord, and ours,
 Principalities and thrones,
 And all the heavenly powers ;
 Angels that in strength excel,
 Here your utmost strength employ,
 Let your ravish'd spirits swell
 With endless praise and joy.

2 Worms of earth, on God we call,
 And challenge you to sing,
 Sing the sovereign Cause of all,
 The universal King ;
 While eternal ages last,
 The transporting theme repeat,
 Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
 Your crowns before his seat.

3 There with you we trust to lie,
 With you to rise again,
 Nearest him that rules the sky,
 And foremost of his train ;
 We shall lead the heavenly choir,
 We shall give the key to you,
 Singing to our golden lyre,
 The song for ever new.

HYMN LXVII. 8s & 6s.

1 **L**IGHT in thy light, O God, I see,
 Thee, and myself, I know through thee,
 Myself a sinful clod,
 A worthless worm without a name,
 A burning brand pluck'd from the flame,
 And quench'd in Jesu's blood.

2 The light of thy redeeming love,
 Like sun-beams darted from above,
 Doth all my sins display,
 Countless as dancing motes, and small ;
 But, O ! the love that shows them all,
 Shall chase them all away.

3 The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
 The glory streaming from the skies,
 Shall in my soul appear ;
 I know the cloudless day shall shine,
 And then my soul is all divine,
 And I am perfect here.

HYMN LXVIII. 8 lines 8s. Sion.

1 **T**HOU source of all vigour divine,
 Sweet Spirit of life and of love,
 How long shall I languish and pine ?
 And when thy full influence prove ?
 So far thou hast quicken'd my heart,
 It now its own hardness can feel ;
 When wilt thou more softness impart,
 And turn it like wax to thy seal.

2 My deadness and coldness I hate,
 I long to be all on a flame,
 With love that shall never abate,
 But rise to the skies whence it came.
 Lord, cause my cold bosom to glow,
 From odious lukewarmness set free,
 Invincible ardour bestow,
 And make me all active for thee.

HYMN LXIX. L. M.

1 **G**OD of my life, through all my days,
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
 My song shall wake with opening light,
 And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all the powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies ?

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

HYMN LXX. C. M.

1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire !
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held !
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN LXXI. 6 lines 8s.

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, Source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend; and with celestial heat
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, condescending Spirit, come !

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
 Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel ;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
 Or lie benumb'd and stupid still ;
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Whatever guilt and madness dare,
 We would not quench the heavenly fire ;
Our hearts as fuel we prepare,
 Though in the flame we should expire :
Our breasts expand to make thee room ;
Come, purifying Spirit, come !

4 Let pure devotion's fervours rise !
 Let every pious passion glow !
O let the raptures of the skies
 Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

HYMN LXXII. 8s & 6s. *Kingswood.*

1 **T**HEY who now surround the throne
 Of majesty above ;
Worshipping the Holy One,
 Triumphant in his love ;
Once were pilgrims here below,
 Wand'ring through this desert land,
Almost o'erwhelm'd with woe,
 Beset on every hand.

2 But they have the vict'ry gain'd,
 And enter'd into rest ;
Have their utmost wish obtain'd,
 With endless glory blest.

Not by merit of their own,
 Did they gain the heavenly prize!
 'Twas the bleeding Lamb alone,
 Who rais'd them to the skies.

3 Not by human power or might,
 They conquer'd every foe :
 Jesus did their battles fight,
 And brought them safely through :
 Out of weakness made them strong,
 All their num'rous wants supplied ;
 He is now their only song,
 Who liv'd for them and died.

4 Christ himself for ever lives,
 For evermore he reigns ;
 Everlasting life he gives
 To captives bound in chains ;
 Pardon'd rebels doom'd to die,
 Prodigals return'd he owns,
 Raises beggars up on high
 To everlasting thrones.

5 Millions sing his grace above,
 Now sav'd from every fear ;
 We have cause to sing and love,
 Though at a distance here.
 With our former state compar'd,
 We are brought already nigh ;
 Glory for us is prepar'd,
 And crowns above the sky.

HYMN LXXIII. *Builth Metre.*

THE Father above,
 The Son of his love,
 We adore, with the Spirit of grace,
 Till he bids us arise
 To our thrones in the skies,
 And eternity spend in his praise.

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